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The Red House on Rowan Street

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER I

Burton Becomes an Ambassador.

When Hugh Burton stepped from the train at High Ridge he wondered (in his ignorance of the events that were about to engage him) whether he would be able to catch a return train that evening. He had no desire to linger in this half grown town on the western edge of civilization one minute longer than his fool errand demanded. He called it a "fool errand" every time he thought of his mission. That he, who had secretly prided himself on the "disengaged" attitude which he had always maintained toward life, should have consented to come half way across the continent to hunt up Miss Leslie Underwood, whom he had never met, and ask her if she would not be so kind as to reconsider her refusal to marry Philip Overman, because Philip was really taking it very hard, don't you know, and particularly because Philip's mother would be quite distracted if the boy should carry out his threat to enlist and go to the Philippines—oh, Lord! he must have had some unsuspected idiot among his ancestors. Did Rachel Overman know how heavily she was drawing on his friendship?

An Indian woman sitting on the stone steps of the railway station made him realize how near the edge of civilization, in very truth, he had come. There was, he remembered, a reservation for Indians on the northern border of the state. It could not be vary far from High Ridge.

With her bright shawl about her shoulders and her beadwork and baskets spread about her, the woman made a picturesque spot in the sunshine. At another time Burton would have stopped to examine her wares, for among his other dilettante pursuits was an interest in Indian basketry; but in his present impatient mood he would have pushed past with a mere glance but for one of those queer little incidents that we call accidental. A man who was coming down the steps that Burton was about to ascend passed near the black-eyed squaw, and she looked up with smiling recognition and laid her hand arrestingly upon his coat. But he was not in a responsive mood. He gave her a black look and struck her hand away with such impatience and violence that a pile of her baskets rolled down the steps and over the platform at Burton's feet. At once he stepped in front of the man, who was hurrying heedlessly on.

"Pick them up. You knocked them over," he said quietly.

The man gathered up one or two with instinctive obedience to a positive order, before he realized what he was doing. Then he straightened up and glared wrathfully at his self-appointed overseer.

"What the devil have you got to say about it?" he asked.

"What I did say."

"You mind your own infernal business," the man cried, and flinging the baskets in his hand at Burton's feet, he rushed on.

Burton beckoned a porter, who gathered up and restored the woman's scattered merchandise. For himself, he walked on toward the booth marked "Bureau of Information," and wondered what had possessed him to make him act so out of character. Why hadn't he called the porter in the first instance, if he felt it his affair? Something in the man's brutality had aroused a corresponding passion in himself. It was a case of hate at first sight, and he rejoiced that at any rate he had declared himself and had put the uncivilized paleface into a humiliating rage!

The particular information of which he stood in immediate need was Leslie Underwood's address. He opened the city directory and turned to the U's. There were a dozen Underwoods—a baker, a banker, a coal heaver, a doctor, a merchant—where did Miss Leslie belong?

"Have you a Blue Book?" he asked the lazy-looking attendant.

"Naw."

"Anything with ladies' addresses?—a society list, you know."

"Naw."

"I want to get the address of Miss Leslie Underwood," Burton went on, with grim patience. "And I don't want to waste time. Can you suggest how I can find it?"

The attendant had tipped down his uptilted chair so abrubtly that it cracked. He was looking at Burton with lively curiosity and amusement.

"You a friend of Dr. Underwood's?"

"Miss Underwood belongs to the doctor's family then does she?"

Sure. You coming to visit, or are you going to write him up?"

"I didn't know this was a bureau to extract information." Burton remarked, as he made a note of the doctor's home address from the directory. "What is there to write up about Dr. Underwood?"

"Aw, you think I'm green."

"No, merely ill-mannered," said Burton politely, as he turned away.

Outside, a row of cabmen, toeing an imaginary line, waved their whips frantically over it to attract his attention. He selected the nearest.

"Do you know where Dr. Underwood lives?"

The man held Burton's suit-case suspended in mid-air while he honored its owner with the same look of amused curiosity.

"Sure. The Red House, they call it, on Rowan street. Take you there?"

"No. Take me to the best hotel in town," Burton said coolly, stepping into the cab.

Why the mischief did everybody grin at the mention of Dr. Underwood's name? Burton was conscious of being in an irritable state of mind, but still it could not be altogether his sensitiveness that made him hear insuendoes everywhere. What sort of people were the Underwoods, anyhow? Philip had met Miss Underwood in Washington and fallen crazily in love, after a fashion he had. Hadn't he been crazy about Ellice Avery a year before?) But this time he had emphasized the depths of his despair by falling ill of a low fever when his suit failed to prosper. Beyond the fact that the girl was "an angel," "a dream," and other things of the same insubstantial order, Burton had little knowledge to go upon. The family might be the laughing stock of High Ridge, for all he knew. When a boy of twenty-one fell crazily in love, he didn't think about such matters; but Rachel, who, in a panic over her boy, had hurried him off to intercede with the cold-hearted damsel, would, as he well knew, hold him personally responsible for the consequences of his unwelcome mission, if they should prove to be unpleasant. Well, he would have to put in his time thinking up something to demand of Rachel that would be hard enough to even up scores a little.

It was with deliberate intention that he said to the hotel clerk, after he had registered: "How far it is to Dr. Underwood's house?"

The clerk looked up with the sudden awakening of curiosity that Burton had expected, then glanced at the registered name.

"You want his office?"

"No. His home."

"It's out on Rowan street, not very far from here. Know the doctor?"

"No. I'm a stranger here. Is he a regular physician?"

"Oh yes."

"In practice?"

"When he gets away.

"Is there anything peculiar about him?"

The clerk permitted himself a languid smile. "There is nothing about him that isn't peculiar. Have you seen the morning paper?"

"Not any of your local papers."

"I'll find one for you. Do you want lunch?"

"Yes." Burton gave his order and went to the room assigned to him, where he made himself at presentable as possible for his proposed call on Miss Underwood.

When he returned to the dining-room he found a newspaper by his plate, folded so as to bring out the headline:

"DR. UNDERWOOD DENIES."

Under this appeared the following card:

"To whom it may Concern: Having been informed that there is a report abroad to the effect that, as a masked highwayman, I robbed Mr. Orton Selby on Crescent Terrace last Friday evening, I beg to state to my friends and the public that the report is without foundation in fact. I never robbed Mr. Selby or any one else, either as a masked highwayman or as an attending physician, and I defy anybody and everybody to prove anything to the contrary.

"ROGER UNDERWOOD, M. D."

Burton read the card several times while the waiter was placing his order before him. The hour was late and the dining-room was practically deserted, but Burton saw the clerk through the doorway, and beckoned to him. He sauntered in with an amused smile and leaned against the window while Burton questioned him.

"This is the most extraordinary announcement I ever saw in my life. Are people in High Ridge in the habit of publishing cards of this sort?"

"Dr. Underwood is rather original in his methods."

"I should judge so. What does he mean by that? Surely there is nothing to connect him with a highway robbery?"

"Well,—there has been some gossip."

"You really mean that? Why, what sort of a man is Dr. Underwood? I wish you would tell me about him. I am entirely ignorant, but I have some business in hand involving some friends of mine and of his, and I'd like to know what I am up against."

"Well, there's a great deal of talk about the Doctor and Henry Underwood, both. People are ready to believe anything."

"How old a man is the doctor?"

"Between fifty and sixty."

"And his family consists of—?"

"His wife, who is very pious, his son Henry, who is rather less liked than the doctor, if anything, and a daughter."

"Anything queer about her?"

"Oh, no! She's rather pretty."

Burton recognized the point of view, but he did not feel that it solved his own problem. Miss Underwood would have to be very pretty indeed, if her personal charms were to cover the multitude of her family's sins.

"Are there any specific charges against them?" he asked.

"Not exactly. It's more a feeling in the air. There's a good deal of talk about his keeping a cripple shut up up-stairs in his house. He's the son of the housekeeper,—Ben Bussey is his name. Kept him there for years. Mrs. Bussey says he ain't treated right."

"That might be investigated, I should think. Anything else?"

"A few months ago an old man died while the doctor was attending him. There was some talk about poison in his medicine."

"Was anything done about investigating it?"

"No, it just dropped. Nobody exactly likes to tackle the doctor. They're afraid. That old man had been complaining about his treatment, and then he died, and there are people who say that something is sure to happen to anybody that says anything against the doctor. This Orton Selby, now, had been making a lot of talk about old man Means' death, saying it was malpractice, if nothing worse, and that something ought to be done about it; and then last Friday he was held up. Somehow it always seems to happen the same way. That's what makes people talk."

"What scientific reason is there for connecting the doctor with the robbery?"

"Well, it is known that the doctor was not far from Crescent Terrace at the time, for some one saw him driving very fast from that locality a few minutes later. It was in the dusk of evening. The man that held Selby up was masked by having a handkerchief tied over his face, with slits cut in it to see through, but Selby says he was the size and height of the doctor, and walked like him. But the closest point is that after he left Selby, with his hands tied above his head to the railing that runs along the Terrace, Selby saw him pick up a gray cloak from the ground and throw it over his arm as he walked off."

"Well?"

"The doctor commonly wears a gray cloak, something like a military cape. Nobody ever saw any one else wear another just like it. Everybody knows him at sight by his gray cloak."

"But he wasn't wearing it."

"That's the point. It looks as though he had thrown it down on the ground so as to conceal it. Selby swears it was a gray cape or cloak, not a coat, because he saw a corner fall down over the man's arm as he hurried away."

"What sort of a man is Selby?"

"Why,—his word is considered good. He's a builder and contractor. Worked himself up from a common workman, and is very successful. He's built some of our best houses. Ben Bussey, the young man I told you about who lives at the doctor's, does wood-carving for him."

"I thought you said he was a cripple."

"Oh, his hands are all right."

"Do the people consider that Selby is justified in his charges?"

"Well, they don't know just what to think. I guess most of them would rather like to have Selby prove something against the doctor, for the sake of justifying all the talk that has gone before. But I think it's mostly Henry that makes the family unpopular."

"How does he do it?"

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know all the stories, but they say there was something queer about the things he did when he was a boy. Anyhow, he got the town down on him, and that's the way it has been ever since."

"The latest about Dr. Underwood," a boy called at the door. He tossed a crumpled sheet of paper to the clerk, who read it and then smilingly laid it before Burton. The sheet was typewritten, not printed, and it bore the following legend:

"Search Dr. Underwood's house. You will find evidence of his guilt."

Burton frowned. "It strikes me that there is either too much or too little said about all this business. If there is any substantial evidence against the man, he ought to be arrested. If there isn't, his accusers ought to be. Why don't the parties who send out a bill like this sign it?"

The clerk smiled his disinterested smile. "They're afraid to. I told you it wasn't considered healthy to oppose Dr. Underwood. Something is bound to happen to them."

"Nonsense," said Burton impatiently.

"Of course," agreed the smiling clerk, and sauntered away.

Burton sat still and considered. His personal irritation was swallowed up in this more serious complication. How did this curious and unexpected situation affect the commission with which he was charged? He thought of Rachel Overman, fastidious, critical, ultra refined, and in spite of his preoccupation he smiled to himself. The idea of an alliance between her house and that of a man who was popularly supposed to indulge on occasion in highway robbery, struck him as incongruous enough to be called humorous. At any rate, he now had a reasonable excuse for going no further with his "fool errand." The role of Lancelot, wooing as a proxy for the absent prince, had by no means pleased him, and it was with a guilty sense of relief at the idea of dropping it right here that he called for a time-table.

He figured out his railway connections and went to the office to give his orders. As he passed the open window his attention was caught by two men who had met on the sidewalk outside. One of them was talking excitedly and flourishing a paper which looked much like the typewritten sheet the clerk had shown him. It was the man with whom Burton had clashed at the station.

"Who is that man—the smaller one?" he asked.

The clerk glanced out and smiled.

"That's the man I was telling you about—Orton Selby."

"So that's the man who is bringing this charge against Dr. Underwood! Who's the other?"

"Mr. Hadley. A banker and one of our prominent citizens."

Burton crumpled up his time-table and tossed it into the waste-basket quite as though he had no intention of taking the next train out of town.

"Will you direct me to Dr. Underwood's house now?" he said.

CHAPTER II.

At the Red House.

Burton could have found his way to the Red House without any further direction than the clerk had given him, and it was chiefly curiosity that made him try another experiment on the way. He had come by the side street, and half a block away he saw the large red house facing Rowan street. At the rear end ran a high board fence, separating the grounds belonging to the house from an alley which cut through the middle of the block. As he passed the end of the allew he noticed a man and a woman talking together by the gate which opened into the house grounds. The woman's excited gestures caught his attention. She was shaking her hands at the man in a way that might have meant anger or impatience or merely dismissal, but which certainly meant something in a superlative and violent degree. Then she darted in through the gate, slamming it shut, and the man came running down the alley toward the street with a curious low lope that covered the ground amazingly, though it seemed effortless.

Burton had stopped, at first to see whether it were a case that called for interference. Now, as the man jumped out just in front of him, he spoke to him—as much from a desire to see the face of a man who ran so furtively as from cupriosity as to the effect the doctor's name would have.

"Pardon me," he said. "Can you tell me if this is where Dr. Underwood lives?"

"But this time his cast drew nothing. The man stopped a moment, cast a sharp though furtive glance up at his questioner, and shook his head.

"Don't know," he said curtly, and hurried on. Burton took the liberty of believing that the man had lied.

The Red House had a character and quality of its own that set it immediately apart from the rest of this half-baked town. It was a large house, with signs of age that were grately to him, set back in extensive grounds, which were surrounded by high hedges of shrubbery. The house itself was shaded by old trees, and the general effect of the place was one of aloofness, as different as possible from the cheap, new, easy-going publicity of the rest of the street. If it be true that human beings mould their surrounding to reflect their own characters, then the Underwoods were certainly not commonplace people. Burton was sensitive to influences, and as he stepped inside the grounds and let the gate shut behind him, he had an indefinable feeling that he had stepped into an alien territory. He glanced back at the street outside as an adventurer who has strayed into an enchanted land may look back for reassurance to the safe and commonplace country life he has left.

A man in the rough dress of a gardener was down on his knees beside a flower-bed in the garden, and Burton approached him.

"Is this Dr. Underwood's house?"

"He lives here," the man said coolly, without glancing up.

"You mean he doesn't own it?" Burton asked, more for the sake of pursuing the conversation than from any special interest in Dr. Underwood's tax list.

"He couldn't own that, could he?" asked the man, pointing dramatically at the tulip about which he had been building up the earth.

"You are a philosopher as well as a gardener."

"I?" The man stood up and Burton saw that he was young, and that his face, inspite of its soberness, was intelligent and not unattractive. "Oh, I am a human being, like the rest of the impertinent race. I try to forget what I am, but I have no right to. You do well to remind me."

"Why do you wish to forget?" asked Burton, curiously.

"Who that is human would not wish to forget? Who that is human would not wish at times that he were a tulip blooming in perfect beauty, and so doing all that could be asked of him? Or an oak, like that one, fulfilling its nature without blame and without harm?"

"Are you Ben Bussey?" Burton asked on a sudden impulse, remembering the name of the young man whom the hotel clerk had mentioned as being the subject of popular stories. This young man was certainly queer enough to give rise to legends.

He was not prepared for the effect of his question. The young man drew back as though he had been struck, while a look where fear and distaste and reproach were mingled darkened his face.

"Who are you?" he asked harshly. "What do you know about Ben Bussey?"

"I have heard the name mentioned, that's all, as that of a young man living with Dr. Underwood. I assure you I meant nothing offensive." Unconsciously he had adopted the tone of one speaking to an equal. This was no common gardener.

"No, I am not Ben Bussey," the young man said, after a pause in which he obviously struggled to regain his self control. "I have often wished I were, however. I am Henry Underwood." He looked up with a sharp defiance in his eyes as he spoke the name. It was as though he expected to see some sign of repulsion.

"I am very glad to meet you then. My name is Burton. Mrs. Overman, of Putney, asked me to bring a message to your sister."

"You will find her in the house, I suppose," the young man answered carelessly. He turned indifferently away, as though he had no further interest in his visitor, and in a few minutes he was bent over another flower bed, absorbed in his work.

Burton walked up to the house, his pulses curiously atingle. No wonder the Underwoods got themselves talked about in nthe neighborhood, if this was a sample of the way in which they met the advances of strangers! After ringing the bell he glanced back at Henry Underwood. He had risen from the ground and stood with bared head looking up into the branches of the oak with an expression that struck Burton even at that distance as inexpressibly sad.

The door was opened by a middle-aged servant, in whom Burton recognized the woman he had seen gesticulating so violently in the back yard. She looked out at him with surprise and caution, and with the obvious intent of not admitting him without cause shown.

"Is Miss Underwood at home?" he asked.

"I don't know. Likely she is," the woman answered, still with that uncomprehending look of wonder at his intrusion.

"Will you take her my card, please?" And with a little more muscular effort than he was in the habit of using when entering a house, he forced the door far enough back to enable him to pass the guarded portal, and with an air of assurance that was largely factitious, walked into a room opening from the hall, which he judged to be a reception room.

The woman followed him to the door and looked dubiously from him to his card, which she still held in her hand.

"I will wait here while you see if Miss Underwood is at home and whether she can see me. Please look her up at once," he said positively. The tone was effective. The woman departed.

The same evidences of old-time dignity and present-day decay that he had noted in the grounds struck Burton in the drawing room. The room was a stately one, built according to the old ideas of spaciousness and leisure, but the carpet was worn, the upholstery dingy, and a general air of disuse showed that the days of receptions must be long past. Evidently the Underwoods were not living in the heyday of prosperity. To do Rachel justice, she would not care a great deal about the family's social standing. Burton tried, to the best of his masculine ability, to take an inventory of things that would enable him to answer the questions she was sure to pour out upon him—always supposing his mission were in any degree successful.

He walked to the window and looked out upon the side garden. Not far from the house was a rustic seat, and here a lady was sitting—a tall, gray-haired lady, reading a ponderous book. The conviction that this must be Mrs. Underwood made him look at her with the liveliest interest. The servant to whom Burton had given his card came out, in obvious haste and excitement, but the reading lady merely lifted a calm hand to check her, and, turned her page without raising her eyes. But she shook her head, seemingly in answer to some question, and the messenger returned hastily to the house. The lady continued to read.

Burton smiled to himself over the little scene. Mrs. Underwood, if this were she, would be able to give points in self-possession to Rachel herself.

But the moment that Leslie Underwood entered the room Burton forgot all his hesitations and reluctances. In the instant while he bowed before her, his mind took a right-about-face. It was not merely that she was unexpectedly beautiful. That would account for Philip's infatuation, but Burton was a keener judge of human nature. Behind the girl's mask of beauty there looked out a spirit so direct, so genuine, that it was like a touchstone to prove these qualities in others. Burton felt something pull himself erect as he looked at her. Philip had drawn a prize which he probably neither understood nor deserved—and the High Ridge tales about Dr. Underwood were preposterous absurdities. All this in the flash of an eye!

"You wished to see me?" she asked. Her voice had a vibrant ring.

"Yes—though I am merely an ambassador." (No thought now of modifying his commission!) "I come from Philip Overman."

Her face flushed sensitively at the name.

"Philip has been seriously ill," he said.

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Even yet his condition causes keen anxiety to his mother."

A little change passed over her sensitive face—could it have been a flicker of amusement? The suspicion helped to restore his nerve. Who was this young woman, after all, that she should dare to smile at Rachel Overman's anxiety for her boy? People who knew Mrs. Overman were accustomed to treat even her whims with respect. He continued a thought more stiffly:

"His physician, I may say, admits that her fears are justified. He is in an extremely nervous and excitable condition, and it is considered that the best hope for his recovery lies in removing the cause of the mental disturbance which is at the root of his physical overthrow. His unhappiness is sending him into a decline."

She looked at him quizzically. There was no question now about the hidden amusement that brought that gleam into her eyes. And she answered with a rocking, monotonous cadence that flared its mockery in his ears.

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them," she said slowly, "but not for love."

Burton flushed to the roots of his hair. He knew that he had not been honest in his plea—that it was for Rachel's sake and not for Philip's (confound the boy!) that he had turned special pleader in the case—but for heaven's sake, why couldn't the girl have pretended with him for a little while? Couldn't she see that he had to present the best side of his cause?

"I think possibly the matter is more serious than you realize," he said, dropping his eyes. "Philip is a high-strung young man. His disappointment was profound. It has seemingly shattered his ambition and his interest in life."

"Philip is a self-willed young man," she said, in a casually modulated voice that was so palpably a mimicry of his own that he was torn between a desire to applaud her skill and to box her ears for her impertinence. "He cried for the moon, and when he couldn't have it, he evidently made things uncomfortable for his dear mamma and his self-sacrificing friend. But I believe, speaking under correction, that the best modern authorities, as well as the classic one I have already quoted agree that the probabilities are highly in favor of a complete recovery—in time. Don't you agree with me?"

"I am sorry not to be able to do so. In the first place, I have been retained as a witness by the other side. In the second place, I can judge, as you cannot, of the rarity of the treasure that he thinks he has lost. I cannot say that his despair is excessive."

She smiled appreciatively.

"That was really well done, under the circumstances. Well, now that these polite preliminaries have passed, what is the real object of your visit?"

"Allow me to point out that you make an ambassador's task unusually difficult by pressing so immediately to the point, but, since that is your way, I can only meet you in the same direct manner. My object is to ask whether it is not possible for you to reconsider your refusal to marry Philip Overman."

She lifted her head with a look of surprise. There was a sparkle in her eyes and this time it was not amusement.

(To Be Continued.)

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING MONTH OF OCTOBER---

By Prof. Eric Doolittle

HALF of the summer stars have now left the evening sky, and already in the east the bright constellation of the Bull, with the beautiful little groups of the Hyades and the Pleiades, which is the first of the winter groups, has arisen well above the ground. High up in the south there is seen the Great Square of Pegasus, while below there shines out the reddish Royal Star, Fomalhaut, which has now reached its highest position in the heavens.

The Milky Way, though still passing exactly overhead, has changed its position, so that it now extends from the northeast to the southwest. In two months it will reach its mid-winter position and lie exactly east and west. In the north, the Great Dipper is seen in an upright position as if resting upon the ground. The entire constellation of the whale is now visible, although its wonderful variable star at E, Fig. 1, which has claimed our attention since its remarkable brightening in August, can no longer be well see, except with the telescope. But in place of this the observer will have unusually good opportunities this month to witness the remarkable darkening of the star Algol, at H. This so-called Demon Star at the constant interval of 2 days 20 hours 49 minutes has five-sixths of its light cut off by the interposition of a dark body which revolves around it, and several of its eclipses occur this month, during the night, at convenient hours for observation. It will be seen at its faintest on October 5, 0 hours 29 minutes a. m.; October 7, 9 hours 18 minutes p. m., and October 10, 6 hours 7 minutes p. m. (Eastern time). The fading away of this star occupies about four hours; it remains at its faintest for about 20 minutes, and

Figure 4. The comparative sizes of Saturn's ten moons.

by the expiration of three and one-half hours more regains its usual brightness.

The Planets.

Mars, Venus and Mercury are morning stars; the first two are far too near the sun to be satisfactorily observed, but the last may be detected shining out near the ground almost exactly due east about an hour before sunrise, for a few days before and after October 11.

Jupiter, which has been drawing nearer the sun for several months, passes west of that body and becomes a morning star on October 18. It, therefore, cannot be observed during this month.

Saturn is slowly moving westward in the constellation Aries, and throughout the month remains in excellent position for observation. On October 27 it is exactly opposite the sun in the sky and remains above the ground all night long. Our moon passes a little above the planet on October 19, at 1 p. m.; on November 15, at 9 a. m., it will again pass above the planet, but much nearer it and finally on December 12 it will pass over the planet and hide it from view. This will be a most interesting sight, but very unfortunately it will occur during the afternoon and, therefore, only be visible in the telescope.

The Two New Moons of Saturn.

Undoubtedly the most interesting recent discovery in connection with the remarkable system of Saturn is the detection of two minute satellites in addition to its previously known large family of eight. The first of these was first detected in 1899 on a most delicate photographic plate, which had been exposed in the rare atmosphere of the mountain observatory at Arequipa, Peru. The range of the system even before the new body was found was enormous, the distance from Saturn to the outermost moon then known being more than 2,000,000 miles, but the new moon was seen to be much further away, its distance from the governing planet exceeding 8,000,000 miles. No other planetary system is nearly so extended as this. Even more striking was the unexpected discovery that while all the known moons revolve about the planet from west to east, as our own moon moves around the earth, the motion of the far distant body was retrograde, that is, from east to west. This fact is very difficult of explanation, although it has been suggested that the planet with its system of inner moons has turned upside down since the outer moon was found.

The tenth moon, called Themis, was discovered in 1904. This lies among the older moons, and its motion is not retrograde. These little bodies are excessively minute, and Themis is probably wholly beyond the reach of any existing telescope, the only possible means of observing it being by the photographic plate. It has been computed that Themis is but 38 miles in diameter, and Phoebe but 42. At their enormous distance from us and from the sun they reflect no more light than we would receive from a ball less than one inch in diameter placed 3,000 miles away. That such minute objects can be clearly detected and their motions determined with accuracy is a striking evidence of the extraordinary power of modern telescopes, especially where these are supplemented by the resources of photography.

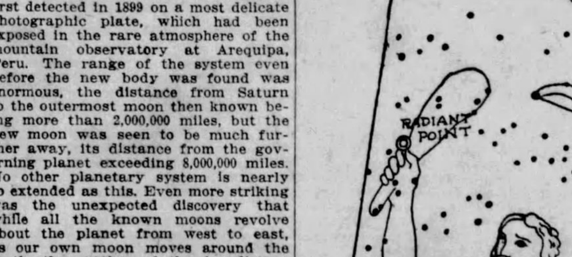

Figure 1. The Constellations, October 1, 9 p. m.
(If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east hold east below. If facing west hold west below. If facing north hold the map inverted.)

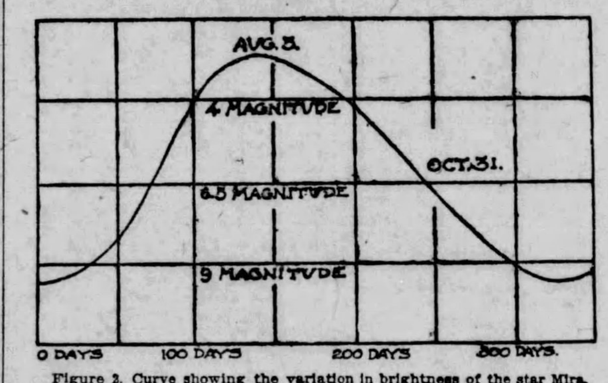

Figure 2. Curve showing the variation in brightness of the star Mira.

Even without a telescope the careful observer can easily trace out the path which it pursues across the various constellations. When he first detects the little, narrow crescent on about the fifth of this month he will notice that it is very low down in the southwest, and that it is moving still further south among the stars until by October 10 it reaches its lowest position in the heavens at A, Fig. 1. After this it will move rapidly upward toward the Pole Star, reaching B, Fig. 1, on October 16; C on October 18 (which is the date of full moon), and finally passing just above the star at D on October 21. At this time it will rise so far in the northeast and set so far in the northwest that it will remain above the ground for more than 16 hours, an interval nearly twice as great as the time which elapsed between its rising and setting when it was low down in the sky at A.

The full moon of this month, which occurs when the moon is running so rapidly northward in the sky, and when the "moon days" are, therefore, unusually long, is called the Hunters' Moon. At the time of the preceding full moon, on September 13, the amount of moonlight which we received was also unusually great for the same reason, and this is known as the Harvest Moon.

A most interesting phenomenon was observed on the 16th of last March, when the moon passed between us and the bright star at D, Fig. 1. It was believed that this star is really composed of two stars, one of which is very faint and probably too close to the larger one to be detected with any existing telescope. This was suspected because 11 years ago, when the star was observed to emerge from behind the moon, it appeared first as a little bluish, ninth magnitude star, and afterward flashed out in full brightness. When observed last March exactly the same phenomenon was seen again. The moon, as it passed very slowly eastward, uncovered the faint star first; a fraction of a second later the bright one appeared, and by its great brilliance rendered its small attendant invisible. Thus, for an instant of time, the astronomer was afforded a separate view of the fainter of the pair of suns which, except for the help of our satelite, would not have been possible to him. A careful observation by amateurs of the occultation of stars might lead to the discovery of other similar systems.

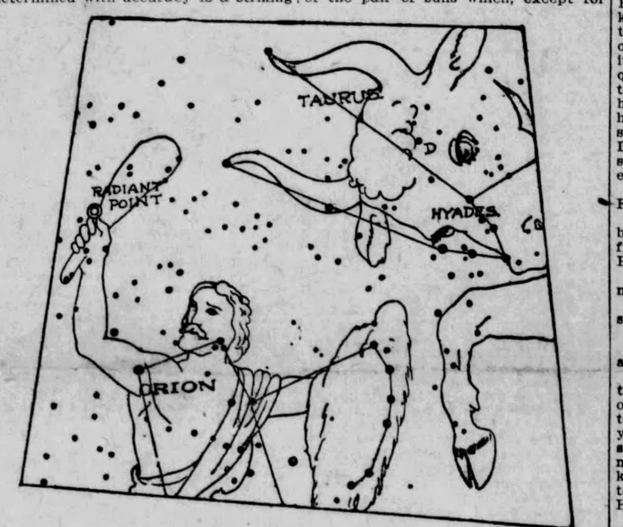

Figure 3. Showing the point from which the swiftly-moving October shooting stars dart outward in all directions across the sky. These are seen in the greatest numbers from October 18 to October 20.

The Right Way.

William Muldoon, the noted trainer, was talking, apropos of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, of training.

"In training," he said, "the strictest obedience is required. Whenever I think of the theory of training I think of Dash, who, after 18 years of married life, is one of the best and happiest husbands in the world.

"'Dash,' I once said to him, 'Dash, old man, how do you take married life?'

"'According to directions,' he replied."

The Sky Pirate.

By CARRETT P SERVISS

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Now, Lieutenant Allan," said Mr. Grantham, as soon as we were aboard and afly, "you are in immediate command of this fleet. I have ordered the commanders of the other aeros to recognize you as their commanding officer and the Eagle as their flagship. I shall continue to advise you, but you will take charge of all technical details and give the orders. As the fliers are all duly armed and provisioned, there is nothing to prevent our making a start immediately."

No one could have been more eager to start than I was. Instantly I ran up the signal to get under way, the others being instructed to follow my lead. Besides the Crow, already mentioned, there were the Osprey, the Bobolink and the Skylark, all, as I was glad to see, the best fliers in the service, although I believed that none of them could keep pace with the Eagle in a race.

It will be well for the future understanding of the reader if I mention the armament which, in those days, was carried by the revenue cutters of the United States government, which were treated as naval auxiliaries in case of war. They were not, of course, as heavily armed as the great aeronstats of the navy, but they were intended to fight at need, and fight they could like gamecocks.

The electric gun had already been invented, and each of the aeros carried two of these terrible weapons, of a calibre of two and a half inches, one at the stern and the other at the bow. They fired either shells or solid shot. As everybody knows, the electric gun makes no report, but a sharp whish! is heard as the projectile leaves the muzzle. These projectiles, at that time, had an effective range of three miles, but when fired from an elevation they would often fall to earth at a distance twice as great. It was, therefore, necessary to be very careful in using them over an inhabited country, and we used always to run out over the sea for gun practice, employing unmanned balloons for targets. One of our aeros could easily carry a hundred rounds of ammunition for each gun.

There was great competition among the gunners in marksmanship; and I had on the Eagle a Connecticut Yankee, Ethan Haight, who was practically a dead shot and a great favorite among the men. We carried no dropping bombs, like the navy aeros, but each had a stand of automatic rifles and pistols, besides cutlasses. The full complement was ten men, including the commander, the engineer and the steersman. On this occasion our entire flotilla carried 38 fighting men, my own crew comprising only eight men, including myself, after I had made room for my two visitors.

There was a quick response to my signal to get under way, and in few minutes, to the great admiration of the people below, the whole fleet, with its aeroplanes flashing in the sun, was speeding northward, the Eagle in the lead.

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Grayman Tries Flight.

While these preparations for her rescue were under way the unconscious prisoner in Labrador had, at last, awakened to a realization of her position.

Her confidence in Mrs. Williams being restored by what her father had said, she had once more taken the woman into her good graces; and Mrs. Williams, on her part, exceeded all her previous efforts to make her attentions acceptable. Thus, during Payton's absence, when he went to post the letters, all went well until just before his return, for the charms of the backwoods were not yet, by any means, exhausted for Miss Grayman.

Then suddenly she made a discovery which destroyed her dream, opened her eyes to her terrible error and drove her to desperation.

While rummaging among the books in the library she had come upon the autobiography of Henry Morton. It was not a book likely to attract the attention of a young woman, but she turned over its leaves, thinking more of the gap which the absence of Commodore Brown had left than of what she was idly looking at. Presently, as she opened the volume in another place, a letter sheet, wedged between the leaves, lay exposed full to view. She could hardly have helped taking in its contents at a glance, for there were only a few lines, written in a bold, plain hand:

Captain Alfonso Payton:

My dear Captain—The damage to the Chameleon from our accident, after carrying off Miss Peterson, of Peoria, is more serious than you supposed. I find that four five days will be required to repair her. I have sent her to a shop here, and will report to you as soon as she is ready.

Respectfully,

ABRAHAM SNELLING,
Lieutenant.

Cincinnati, July 1, 1934.

Miss Grayman was aghast! Her hands convulsively grasped her throat as the truth burst upon her. The name of the Chameleon alone was enough, but now she suddenly remembered to have heard, or red, of "Captain Alfonso Payton." This, then, was the man who had succeeded in awaking so much personal interest in her! And she was his prisoner! This was the romantic adventure that he fancy had conjured up, invented by her friends, approved by her father, and so innocently and joyously entered upon by herself. Oh, what a fool she had been? Oh, how she detested this villain who had hoodwinked her and drawn from her smiles and sentiments for which she now hated herself!

She read the letter again, and the name of "Snelling" struck her. She had heard Payton address one of his men by that name! But no more confirmation was needed. The scales had dropped completely from her eyes. Stimulated by indignation, strength and resolution came to her. Some-

A Jocular Text Book.

New York Press.

Summaries of the Republican congress campaign committee's text book indicate it is one of the most comic publications issued since Joe Miller's volume of jokes. Thus Mr. Taft's letter recommending early revision of the tariff by schedules is offset by the committee's expressed determination to give the new law fair test before any further revision is attempted. Another humorous feature is the publication of elaborate extracts from the speeches of Cannon reactionaries, while the progressives are totally ignored. Vice President Sherman gets as much prominence in the quotations as Theodore Roosevelt. The committee's defense of Senator Aldrich will be no more popular in the insurgent west than its exaltation of "Dollar Jim" Sherman will be in the state of New York.

The campaign committee, however, must be congratulated on its admirable self-restraint in refraining from making a hero of Speaker Cannon.

Patriotism

The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little more profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of wrapping and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

thing must be done on the instant. She must fly from this place before Payton's return. It made no difference that she would certainly be lost in the interminable woods—better to house with the deer than to remain here another moment.

"Susan!" she called.

Susan came running in, alarmed by her mistress' accent.

"Get our wraps, quick!"

"Why, Miss Helen, what—"

"Don't stand there questioning; run! Quick! Quick!"

The bewildered girl obeyed, and in a minute returned with the garments.

"Come with me to the canoe!" commanded Miss Grayman, whose self-control was growing with the emergency.

As they ran down the steps from the veranda, and along the short path to the landing place, Miss Grayman glanced fearfully around. Thank heaven! Mrs. Williams was occupied somewhere about the house, and not a person was in sight.

"Into the canoe!" said Miss Grayman in the same imperative voice, though she spoke hardly above a whisper, and Susan silently obeyed her. Miss Grayman seized the paddle, and in a few seconds they were out on the lake.

"Where are we going?" asked Susan wonderingly.

"Not a word!" said her mistress. "Don't talk! Don't make any noise!"

She turned the canoe toward the inlet and paddled with all her might. As they passed under the overhanging branches she glanced hastily toward the lodge. Still nobody was in sight, and Miss Grayman's heart beat quick with joy.

"Oh, thank heaven, we are away!" she muttered. Still she knew that she must strain every nerve. Payton might return at any moment, and their absence could not long remain unnoticed. She wielded the paddle with desperation, stemming the increasing force of the current. Her recent practice now stood her in good stead. They rounded the first bend, not a word having passed between them; for her mistress' manner had thoroughly alarmed Susan, who felt that some terrible danger must threaten them, and she had become as anxious as Miss Grayman to make no sound. They rounded the second bend, and the rapids were before them. Still, no pursuit!

"I must land here," whispered Miss Grayman; "the canoe can go no farther."

She turned to the shore on the left bank of the pond, feeling instinctively that that was the more distant from the lodge. As they stepped out, leaving the canoe to float off in the eddying current, Susan whispered:

"What is it, Helen? Where are we going? What is the danger?"

"Hush!" was the reply. "We must not talk yet. We have got to get away from here; that's all."

She struck off into the tangled undergrowth, not knowing or caring what the direction was, as long as it seemed to be away from the lodge. In a little while the woods became more open, and they made better progress. Miss Grayman hurried on, and Susan panted at her heels.

They may have been traveling for an hour in this wild way, when Susan exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Helen—I can't—I can't go any farther!"

"Then we'll sit down and rest," was the reply.

They sat down on a fallen trunk, overgrown with soft, fresh moss. Presently Susan stretched herself flat on her back, her face streaming with perspiration.

"Oh," she panted, "I shall die!"

"No, you won't die," said Miss Grayman, whose strength was sustained by a more terrible fear than Susan knew. "You'll feel all right in a few minutes. Here, take these."

And she plucked from a bush a handful of berries and offered them to the exhausted girl. Neither stopped to think whether the berries were wholesome or not; only to Miss Grayman they looked good to eat, and she took some herself. Fortunately, the berries were not harmful, and after ten minutes or so both felt refreshed.

"We shall have to carry these things along," said Miss Grayman, looking at the wraps which they had dropped on the ground. "We shall need them at night."

"At night!" exclaimed Susan. "Where are you going, then? Are you not going to return to the lodge?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried her mistress. "Susan, do you know who it is that we are running away from? It is the Sky Pirate, Alfonso Payton!"

All that she had read about this man and his exploits had returned in a rush to her excited memory. Oh, why had she not thought of that before? How could she have been so blind? But to think of his venturing into New York, and into her father's house! Who could have dreamed of such a thing?

Susan was probably better read in the literature of piracy, especially as represented by the sensational journals, than her mistress, and at the name of Alfonso Payton she turned ashy pale.

"Oh, good Lordy!" she cried, when she recovered her breath. "You don't mean that, Miss Helen? Why, he is the wickedest man in the world! I've read all about him in the Sunday Peace. If he gets us we're gone, sure! He never gives you up unless you pay him a hundred thousand dollars. The papers said so. And if you don't pay you're killed! Oh, dear me, what shall I do? But won't Commodore Brown help us?"

"You goose!" said Miss Grayman, her amusement at Susan's stupidity serving to animate her. Of course Commodore Brown won't help us. He's the very man."

"Commodore Brown is Alfonso Payton!"

Susan could say no more. She had no words, and remained staring at her mistress with gaping mouth.

As I have said, Miss Grayman felt her spirits revived by the touch that Susan had given to her sense of humor; and now, with increased strength, she rose and said briskly: "Come, Susan, we cannot stay here any longer. Yes, Commodore Brown is Alfonso Payton, and I am more angry at him for fooling me than for running away with me. Our friends are never coming. It is all an invention of that villain, and we must not fall into his power again."

"But where will we go, Miss Helen? We'll get lost in the woods, and where shall we sleep at night?"

"We are lost already," replied Miss Grayman gravely. "I could not find my way back if I wished to. As to where we shall sleep, I don't know; on the ground, under a tree, I suppose."

"But the bears!"

"We must trust in God."

"And what shall we eat?"

These were very practical questions that Miss Grayman had not thought about when she started on her flight. Even if they had occurred to her, they would not have induced her to stay another second in that accursed lodge. To be killed? To starve? What were these in comparison with meeting that man again? Yet, by one of those curious mental freaks to which we are all subject, while Miss Grayman had thought neither of wild beasts nor of food, the idea that they would need covering at night had flashed upon her, and it was for that reason that she sent Susan for the wraps. And now they clung to these things, and lugged them along as if their lives and safety depended upon them alone.

Miss Grayman made no reply to Susan's questions about what they should eat. She simply pressed on, and Susan followed. Sometimes they encountered a windfall, where a tornado had uprooted the trees and left them interminably intertangled, driving them from their course—although, really, they had no course, except that Miss Grayman strove constantly to get farther from where she supposed the lodge to be; sometimes swamps interfered with their progress, and sent them on weary tramps around their boggy edges; sometimes they were caught in tangles of spiny undergrowth, from which there seemed no issue. Yet, on and on they struggled. They were wearing the stout garments that Payton had recommended, but even these were becoming torn and disordered.

At last, wearied beyond expression, they had to stop. It was getting dark in the woods, and they knew that the sun was near setting. Miss Grayman selected a spot where the covering of pine needles was deep and soft, under a group of trees, and, spreading her cloak and bidding Susan do the same with her wrap, lay down. They were worn out, hungry, thirsty, but they had no supper.

Tormented with thirst, before the last light had faded Miss Grayman rose and went searching for water. She had the good fortune to find, near by, a trickling streamlet, very cool and refreshing. They both drank eagerly. Then they began to feel very chilly, and wished for a fire, but that could not be had. So they lay down again, close together, arms intertwined, the daughter of the great billionaire embracing her humbler sister, and finding a comfort in her companionship that at least warmed her heart.

They tried to sleep, but, in addition to the cold, noises now arose that drove sleep from their tired eyes; strange sounds of the trackless wilderness; distant, wailing screams that gradually approached and filled them with terror; rustlings among the branches; the snapping of twigs in the inky darkness; heavier sounds from the depths of the forest; animal voices replying to one another. Eyes were watching them, though they did not know it. They twined their arms closer and trembled, and at last sobbed together. The cold increased, although, after a time, the nearer noises ceased. At last, in spite of all the discomfort, they fell asleep.

Then a dark form moved stealthily and silently from a thicket and approached them. It knelt beside the troubled sleepers and listened. Finally it reached out long arms and cautiously spread a warm robe over them. The next instant it had disappeared.

The sun was shining on the tree tops when they awoke, both opening their eyes at the same moment, disturbed probably by some noise. For a few seconds Miss Grayman did not realize where she was. Then it all came back to her in a flash. Without raising her head, she said to Susan: "Thank Heaven, the night is gone! We have escaped, and today——"

A scream from Susan interrupted her.

"Oh, Lord, look!" cried the girl, who had risen on her elbow.

Miss Grayman half rose in affright, and there, sitting on a log, stolidly staring at them, was Indian John!

Susan, after her fashion, fainted, but Miss Grayman was stronger. Although trembling with fear and surprise, she rose to her feet. Then, for the first time, she noticed the robe that had covered them. Her quick intelligence, awakened by recent events, told her the story in an instant. They had been tracked—and recaptured!

In fact, the Indian had been on their trail for hours. He had not come up with them until nightfall. Then, seeing that they intended to go no farther for the present, he had simply waited and watched, taking the precaution to cover them as they slept, because he know how cold the woods would become as the night grew deeper.

For a minute the thought of resistance dwelt in Miss Grayman's mind. But how could she resist? She had no weapon, and the Indian was armed. Their strength could do nothing against him, even if Susan were in a state to endure a struggle. They were both half famished and worn out. No, resistance was not to be thought of. The girl did not burst into tears; she was too dazed. She said nothing whatever, but, turning to Susan, tried to revive her. At this, Indian John silently brought water and threw it into the girl's face. She revived immediately. Then he offered them food, which they took, even with eagerness.

He did not hurry them. He seemed to have infinite patience. But at last he touched Miss Grayman on the arm and made her a sign that they must be going.

Now he spoke: "Must not stay where bad bears. Go back to lodge."

There was a gleam of grave humor in his eyes.

Miss Grayman made no reply, but, wearily and despairingly, she followed him, Susan clinging to her side. He scarcely glanced over his shoulder, although his wary eyes and ears knew their movements. He set a slow pace, as if commiserating their fatigue, but in an astonishingly short space of time they saw the gleam of the little lake, and then the lodge. They had been traveling almost in a circle!

As they approached the lodge, Miss Grayman's heart sank at the sight of the Chameleon. Payton had returned! How she dreaded the meeting with him! But he did not appear. Neither was Mrs. Williams visible. The Indian led them to the door and paused, and they entered alone. Even yet not a person appeared, and they ascended, unaccompanied, to their apartments. Miss Grayman threw herself on her bed, and her heart gave way. She wept and sobbed. Wild thoughts ran through her brain. She even thought of making away with herself. Yes, if help did not come soon she would do that! But, although she could see no way of escape, she would trust in God a little while longer.

CHAPTER XIV.

Running the Pirate Down.

Miss Grayman's mad attempt at escape, unfortunate though it turned out, was probably, after all, the means of her salvation. It had the effect of keeping Payton at his lodge. But for the necessity which he felt of watching her personally we might not have succeeded in getting the two communications from the same point—and that the very point that we wished to hit upon.

How Payton felt when he discovered, in the gaping book on the library table, the letter that had opened Miss Grayman's eyes to her actual situation, and to his real character, I do not know. No doubt he cursed himself for his amazing carelessness, because carelessness was not in his make-up, and could not be suffered in his business. I only know that he never spoke to Miss Grayman again while she remained at the lodge. Perhaps he was ashamed to face her—he well might have been; perhaps he had some other reason. But, at any rate, from that moment she was kept a close prisoner; and all that Payton said to Mr. Grayman about her continued cheerfulness, and about their trout fishing, was a base falsehood, invented to prey upon the billionaire's mind.

And now to the story of our search, and the startling events that came out of it.

After leaving the little town, I ordered full speed ahead, and we trailed away in a long line, in this order—the Eagle, the Skylark, the Osprey, the Crow, and the Bobolink. It was a beautiful squadron, I can tell you, and how proud I felt to be in command of it! We were nearly a mile high, and in a short time we passed over Lake Ontario, whose sunlit and wind wrinkled surface looked like frosted silver from that height. Away to the west we saw Toronto.

Afterward we passed Ottawa, but I kept a good offing, not caring to run the risk of being seen by spies. After that, we soon had beneath us great forests, scattered clearings, and ranges of hills. I dropped down nearer the earth, the danger of detection being less. At times we just skimmed the tree-tops and the hills, rising and sinking with the sinuosities of the land. Only once did we attract any attention, when we ran almost over a mining camp.

We could hear the excited hellos of the men, and see them running together, talking and pointing.

"It is fortunate," I said to Mr. Grayman and Secretary Grantham, who, most of the time, stood beside me on the deck, "that Payton did not select a hiding-place somewhere in the western part of the Dominion for then the lines to New York and Buffalo might have nearly coincided, and it would have been very difficult to calculate their point of intersection."

"You'd have managed it, my boy," said Mr. Grantham, putting his hand, with a kindly pat, on my shoulder. "You have too much at stake to lose this game. But I'm glad it proved easy for you."

I don't know how to describe the feeling that had grown up in me toward Mr. Grantham. He seemed to take a deeper interest in my personal triumph than in the object itself of the expedition. And then this significant though enigmatical remark about the reward that I ought to get kept coming back into my mind. He was the best friend I ever had, and I never knew how I won him.

Mr. Grayman, meanwhile, had fallen into a meditative mood. He was thinking about his daughter and her peril.

"The poor girl!" we heard him mutter. "The poor girl! Heaven protect her!"

"See here, Grayman," said the secretary, "this won't do. Don't go to worrying now, when the thing is almost ended. The time for worry is gone. We've got the rascal located, we're going to drop upon him without the slightest warning, and we've got the force needed to overcome him. Your daughter's danger is past, and inside of ten hours, at the most, she will be in your arms."

Mr. Grayman tried to smile and to look cheerful, but his heart was heavy.

"We must begin to work out the details of our plan," said the secretary, turning to me. "Do you think that you could find him at night? If possible, it might be best to drop upon him in the darkness. We might catch him asleep, if we knew the exact spot."

"That's the difficulty," I replied. "Of course, my data do not give me the mathematical point where he lies. I may be a mile or two out of the way on one side or the other. But inasmuch as his lodge must be situated in an uninhabited and practically untrodden wilderness, the least light that he might show would inevitably betray his location from our point of observation."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mr. Grantham. "You've hit the nail on the head. We must look out for a light."

"In that case," I returned, "it will be necessary to time ourselves to arrive not too late in the evening, because, since he evidently has a regular habitation, and one, as it would seem, of considerable pretensions, it is unlikely that he keeps an all-night watchfire like a camper-out. His lights will be out pretty early."

"Right again," said the secretary. "Suppose you go over your calculations and see how near you can determine the exact number of miles that we must still run. Then we can regulate our speed accordingly."

I did as Mr. Grantham requested, and, after consulting the excellent charts that we carried, I announced that from Ottawa to the apparent intersection of the lines the distance was very close to five hundred and three miles. We had passed Ottawa an hour before, going at a clip of one hundred and twenty miles. Mr. Grantham took out his watch.

"Three o'clock," he said. "The days are long, and longer the farther we go north. There is an all-night twilight in Central Labrador, but if we arrive at 10 o'clock it will probably be dark enough for our purpose. I don't believe his lights will be out earlier than that."

"That means a trifle less than fifty-nine miles an hour," I remarked.

"Yes; that, then, should be our speed."

Immediately I signaled the aeros astern to reduce their speed to accord with ours, and ordered my engineer to drop to fifty-nine miles. Then we entered my cabin to complete our plan of operations and to pass away the time, which seemed very long, viewed in prospect. As to the tactics we should adopt, they were quickly decided upon, as far as we could foresee the work. I will explain them in a few moments.

I had already ordered Ethan Haight to get his bow-gun in shape for quick work; for, in an emergency, I counted more on him than on the other gunner. Besides, I had no thought of showing my heels. The small arms were also in complete readiness, and every man carried 20 cartridges in his belt, besides the 10 in the magazine of his rifle. This applied to the other aeros as well.

If it came to a fight, I didn't believe that Captain Alfonso would stand up to it very long. My chief fear was as to his running away. As I have already intimated, I had great confidence in the Eagle and knew her powers to a nicety, but I was willing to allow that the Chameleon might be able to draw away from her in a race. Consequently I didn't mean that there should be any race.

As to my course, I had set it with extreme care, and I was sure that it would take me very close to the intersection of my lines. But would it find Payton's hiding place. In my soul I believed it would.

Labrador does not present a very entrancing view—at least, from above. It is not a country to grow enthusiastic over. We cared very little about the scenery when we went on deck again, but we watched every feature of the landscape beneath us as attentively as if we had been selecting a place to settle. So the afternoon whiled away, and I glanced frequently at the formidable line of aeros trailing after us, rising and falling with the atmospheric billows, while their polished guns glinted in the sunlight; and, as I watched, my heart alternately swelled with pride and sank under the weight of anxiety.

We dined about half after 7, and shortly afterward I signaled the squadron to assemble, and gave each commander, as he dropped alongside the Eagle, the program of operations which we had worked out in my cabin. This is virtually what I repeated to all of them:

"We are going to make a descent upon the lurking place of Alfonso Payton. He has a lodge here in the woods, and holds as his prisoners a young lady and her maid, whom he has stolen from New York. The young lady's father is aboard the Eagle, and with him, as you are aware, is Secretary Grantham. I believe that he has already informed you that all of our movements in this case are to be kept as a department secret. The honor and reputation of the service are at stake. You will act under my immediate orders, but under the eye of the secretary.

"I want you to feel that you have never been engaged in so important an enterprise as this. It is our design to reach the pirate's place after nightfall and to locate his lodge, as he calls it, which is probably a building of considerable magnitude, and which may be strongly manned and fortified. We shall surround it, and endeavor to capture him and his prisoners. We believe that he has only one aero, a very fast flier, the Chameleon, of which you have all heard.

"We must prevent him, at all costs, from getting away in her. If he tries to escape, we must disable his aero. But great care must be exercised not to injure his prisoners in case he should succeed in getting them board. That is a thing that we must prevent, if it be humanly possible. You will get your signal-light ready for instant use, but no light is to be shown in approaching the place.

"There is an all-night twilight in this latitude at this season, and there will be sufficient light in the sky to enable you to follow the movements of the Eagle above the treetops.

"You will now drop a quarter of a mile behind, keeping in line abreast at intervals of an eighth of a mile. I will signal you when to stop by a stern-light. I will give you signals for your subsequent movements."

I then issued to each commander a signal-code, which I had prepared for maneuvering the squadron, both in surrounding the lodge and in the case of an attempt to escape and a fight. But the majority of the signals were already well known in the service.

After sundown, and when the woods beneath us began to grow dark and their details indistinguishable, I slowed down to twenty miles, which, after a time, I reduced to ten, and then five. We had muffled the machinery as much as possible, but an aero is a very silent thing, anyway. We were all on deck, with night-glasses, peering down intently at the somber-tufted surface of foliage, from which the cries of wild animals now occasionally rose to us.

When I felt that we must be close to the critical point, I halted the other fliers and went on very cautiously with the Eagle, circling in narrow sweeps, and not moving faster than two miles an hour. In a little while I caught a gleam of light a short distace ahead. I dropped the aero until she almost touched the branches and crept nearer. Our hearts, I am sure, were all in our throats, and we did not speak above a whisper. Passing round the huge pyramid formed by the clustering tops of a clump of towering hemlocks, we were astonished to see the light again, now very close, bright and undulating.

"It's reflected from the surface of water," whispered Mr. Grantham.

It was true. We had come in sight of the little lake in front of Payton's lodge, and as we drew nearer, we saw, on the opposite shore, the lodge itself, with lights streaming from the lower windows.

"It must be the place," I said. "It can be nothing else."

Immediately we backed off until we were out of sight of the lodge, and then I signaled the fleet to advance. I sent them about in such a manner as to surround the lodge on every side. When the maneuver was completed the five aeros floated within a hundred rods of the building, their noses all inward and their bow-guns bearing upon the lair of Captain Alfonso Payton.

(To be continued.)

Beyond the Court's Jurisdiction.

London Daily Mail.

Mr. Plowden succumbed to a dilemma which confronted him at Marylebone in dealing with the case of a married woman, Elizabeth Doolan, aged 50, of Great Barlow street, Marylebone, who was charged with being incapably drunk in the street.

Assistant Jailer Summers informed his worship that the woman was deaf and could not read.

Mr. Plowden—That almost puts her beyond the jurisdiction of this court.

The husband entered the witness box and corroborated what had been said about his wife's condition.

Mr. Plowden—Why don't you look after your wife? The Husband—I do, but she is beyond my control.

How long have you been married? Thirty-seven years.

Then you ought to have some control over her. Has she given way to drink very long? Many years.

How do you communicate with her? I cannot. I may try five or six times to make her understand what I say to her and she only guesses at what I mean.

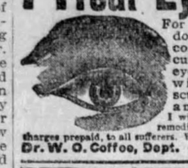
Then you don't get much pleasure out of her society? No, I don't. (A laugh.)

"Well, I shall have to discharge her," Mr. Plowden said. "But you must do something to influence and control her. Warn the publicans in the neighborhood not to serve her. (To the assistant jailer) It's no use my speaking to her; you make a sign to her that the door of the court is open for her to go out."

The officer, as directed, pointed to the open door and the accused woman departed.

Mrs. Mary Harriman, widow of E. H. Harriman, railroad financier, used to boast when her husband was alive she saved several hundred dollars a month out of the housekeeping allowance made to her. She is a shrewd, economical housekeeper, and her example is being followed by other wealthy women.

I Treat Eyes Free



For fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am curing weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids, wild hairs, cataracts, scums, all eye diseases and failure of sight. I will send a full course of my remedies with eye cup by mail, charges prepaid, to all sufferers. Write me; describe your case.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. , DesMoines, Ia.

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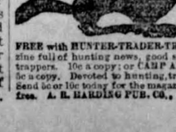

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The FARMSTEAD

VETERINARY PROBLEMS

Dr. A. S. Alexander,
Wisconsin College of Agriculture.

"Moon" Calves.

My cow did not clean, and when I removed the afterbirth 18 moon calves came away with it. After a time I got some more afterbirth and some more moon calves, but the cow is sick still and the removal of afterbirth and moon calves did not help much, if any. What causes moon calves, and how may they be prevented What is the best way to remove the afterbirth when held back by the cow?—Kentucky Farmer.

Reply—There is no such thing as a "moon" calf. Belief in such absurdities belongs in the same category with such mythical diseases as "wolf in the tail," "hollow horn," the "hooks," "lampers," "wolf teeth," etc., and the people who speak of them and treat them usually are devout believers in the signs of the zodiac. The "signs" have no bearing whatever on mundane affairs and are no longer believed in by educated people. The things you have called "moon calves" are the cotyledons, or "buttons," of the womb and are natural, normal and necessary. They should not be removed. If they are torn off by the one who removes the afterbirth by hand infection is almost sure to follow, or the cow may bleed seriously and afterward may prove barren. The afterbirth should be removed by hand, but the man doing the work should understand the anatomy of the womb and take needed antiseptic precautions to prevent infection.

Cock Ankles.

I have a large mule affected with cock ankles behind. She stands on her toes and when walking often stumbles. It was caused five months ago by backing a heavy oil wagon. If there is a cure, will you kindly tell me what it is, and oblige?—M. C. O., Madison, S. D.

Reply—When thickening and consequent shortening of the tendons has led to knuckling of the fetlocks and the condition has become chronic, nothing short of an operation by an expert veterinarian will afford relief. The operation consists in severing the tendons, bringing the fetlocks into normal position and then giving suitable treatment until healing of the wounds has taken place. In the present stage it is possible that the operation may be unavailing. Remove the shoes and trim the hoofs to normal proportions and shape. Poultice the back tendons with antiphlogistine, put on hot and cover with cotton batting and bandages. Renew the poultices each time they become somewhat dry. Continue for a week; then wash off clean and when dry apply a bandage. After an interval of two or three weeks, but this treatment may do some good. The blister is rubbed in for 15 minutes and the mule tied up so that the part cannot be bitten or rubbed. Wash the blister off in 48 hours and then apply a little lard daily for a week.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

We have a Jersey cow that is only giving milk from the two hind teats, and would like to know if there is any remedy. She is four years old and in December will be fresh for the third time. When she was fresh the first time her udder caked, and the two front teats dried up. They seem to have milk in them now, but we cannot draw it out. She acts as if it hurts when we Will not some reader give a remedy?—E., Hillsdale, Ind.

Will some reader of the Farmstead please give me a recipe for making cider jelly?—L., Gasport, N. Y.

TO CURE SWEENY

A reader of these columns wants to know how to cure sweeny in a colt's shoulder. Take an awl or small blade of a knife and stick it into the shoulder to the bone several times, then pull up the skin and the shoulder will fill with air. I have used this with my horses and it has proven a sure cure.—C., Lascassas, Tenn.

BLOODY MILK

A., Earlville, Ill.: Give your cow one teaspoonful of saltpetre every day until three doses have been given and she will cease giving bloody milk. This remedy also cures garget.—W., Republic, O.

TO PAINT ROUGH LUMBER

S., Moninygrove, Va.: You need not mix anything with white lead and linseed oil to make a good paint for rough lumber. The first coat should be mixed with a ratio of seven gallons of oil to 100 pounds of lead, and the second five gallons of oil and the same amount of lead. Do not paint if it is likely to rain within 24 hours.—K., viston, Me.

REMOVING WARTS

In The Blade of a recent date I find an inquiry in regard to the removal of rough warts from horses. Here is a sure remedy, one which I have used for 30 years and never knew it to fail: Wet the warts with castor oil once or twice a day. It requires some time, but leaves the parts smooth and fairly well haired out. Stick to this and it will surely cure. —B., East Randolph, N. Y.

BLASTING BOWLDERS

Professor Stewart, chief of the division of engineering at Minnesota agricultural college, says that ordinarily it is not economical to break rocks by placing explosives on top of them, a method requiring a very high grade and large quantity of dynamite, In such case, if the bowlder is hard the attempt will often result in failure. The efficiency of this method may be somewhat increased by laying the explosive in a depression in the rock and covering it with wet clay.

Another method is to make a hole with a long auger or spade through the earth to a point under the center of the rock and place the explosive there, tamping the hole full of dirt afterward. This method is much more satisfactory than the first, though it many times throws the rock out of the ground unbroken.

The surest method, and the one requiring the least explosive, is to drill a hole in the rock and tamp in the charge with damp clay.

The proper plan, where a large number of rocks are to be broken up, is to do a little experimenting. Try each of these methods, keeping an account of the time required to prepare the charge, the cost of explosive used and the results, and from these determine the best method to use with the rocks in question. With high-priced explosive and cheap labor it will ordinarily be most economical to drill the rock. If labor is scarce and high priced it may be more desirable to use a larger quantity of explosive under the rock as suggested above.

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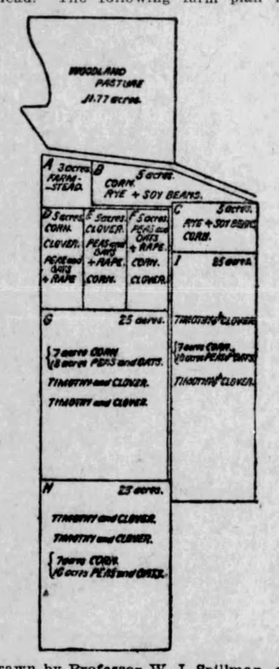
Plan of the Farm

In order to properly arrange crop rotations it is best to draw a plan of the farm and arrange it on paper first and then put it into actual practice. The man who makes the greatest success is he who plans his work ahead. The following farm plan is



drawn by Professor W. J. Spillman, of the department of agriculture at Washington and is of a 90-acre farm, and permits of a single road to every field on the farm. The double line represents the road.

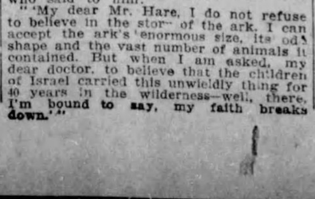
TREATING SIDEBONE

Sidebone is a disease that comes on a horse on the outside of the front foot just above the hoof. There is a cartilage there, probably used to give somewhat of a spring to the heel. In a healthy horse, you place your finger there and you can spring that cartilage, but sometimes that turns into sidebone. In young, growing colts, if the feet turn out on the outside is causes inflammation, a bony growth is thrown out, and we have sidebone. Then again, a horse may become bruised there by another horse stepping on him, or something, in the field, and it causes sidebone. The sidebone may not do any particular harm where it is soft, around on your farm, but when you get that horse on frozen ground or in the city he gets lame. We cannot treat it any more than any other bone disease. All we can do is to put on some kind of irritating liniment and irritate it and bring the blood there. It is like bone spavin.

You cannot cure bone spavin. All you can do is to put on some irritating liniment and get those bones grown together and your horse goes without laming. He goes with a little jerk, but not lame. You can take it off so it gets smooth to the outside, but if you will dissect it you will find they have grown together.

Poultry House Fixtures

When the poultry house is being erected the inside fixtures should be arranged to facilitate the cleaning and disinfecting of the house for lice. To do this the roosts should be made so they can be easily removed and taken out of the house at any time. The roosts recommended by the Department of Agriculture as shown in the accompanying cut are made with



Showing nest boxes and supports. The pieces c c, are the only ones fastened to the building.

Showing the simple perches that may be easily removed from the house at any time.

this in view. By not being nailed to the sides of the building they can be taken out whenever it is necessary to disinfect them. By being low the fowls of the heavier breeds can easily fly up on them and they will not injure their feet in jumping down, as they frequently do when the roosts are high.

As to the matter of nests, the same rule will hold. The cut shows a good way to construct nests so they can be removed for cleaning. Old boxes are all right for making the nests, and they can be set on the shelf, which has supports fastened to the wall. It is a constant fight to keep the poultry free from lice and mites and by having things arranged properly the work can be made easier.

Of Skeptical Tendencies.

"The late Bishop Hare," said a Sioux Falls physician, "used very reasonably to impute skepticism to misunderstanding.

"He once told me about a Philadelphia business man of skeptical tendencies who said to him:

"'My dear Mr. Hare, I do not refuse to believe in the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's enormous size, its odd shape and the vast number of animals it contained. But when I am asked, my dear doctor, to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldly thing for 40 years in the wilderness—well, there, I'm bound to say, my faith breaks down.'"

QUESTIONS OF THE FEED LOT

By Professor Herbert W. Mumford.

I wish to secure information concerning the construction of horse barns and the securing of a suitable man to manage a horse farm. How many mares ought a stallion to serve in a season?

Professor R. C. Obrecht submits the following suggestions:

We have not published any matter relative to the construction of horse barns. The principal considerations are durability and economy of material used, light, ventilation, sanitary and convenience of arrangements. Doors and windows should be so arranged as to admit sunlight, which is destructive to germ life. Ventilators should be provided to carry off foul air at such times as when the barn is closed and full of stock. The King system is as good as any. In order to prevent overheating 1,000 to 1,200 cubic feet of air should be allowed per horse. If the air is not changed frequently more space is needed.

In order to construct a sanitary barn good drainage should be provided and impervious floors. Considering durability and economy of construction I think concrete is about the best material we have to use. The principal objections to it are, it being hard, horses are likely to break their feet from fighting flies if allowed to stand directly upon the concrete and when wet it is very slippery if troweled down smooth, the former objection may be met by keeping bedding under the horse, which will also aid the horse from slipping. In putting in the concrete I think it advisable not to trowel down smooth, but simply level it to grade. The surface should be made of a richer mixture of cement than is necessary in the base and I prefer to use finer stone and allow them to come to the surface, not using a sand finish. My experience with floors constructed in this manner has been that they are satisfactory.

The concrete may be put down in the regular manner and covered with plank for the horses to stand upon, but I do not think it is any better than the above-described method, and is more expensive and less sanitary. The stalls should not slope more than one and one-half inches to the rear, and I prefer a covered gutter behind the horse. This should be provided with a sewer trap and drain to a cistern or cesspool.

As a floor for a foaling stall I think there is nothing better than a good clay floor. For the passageway back of the horses either brick or rough concrete is satisfactory. Where bricks are used they may be laid in the regular manner and dry sand and cement (equal parts) brushed into the cracks. When thorough filled dampen and the cement will bind the brick into almost an impervious floor. As helps I would advise you to get a copy of "Stable Management and Exercise," by Captain M. H. Hayes. This book is an English publication and retails at $5.00; also a copy of "Physics of Agriculture," by Professor F. H. King, of Madison, Wis. This book sells for $1.75 and deals quite extensively with concrete construction, ventilation, etc.

In regard to your question as to what would be an equitable division to make with your farm manager, will say that depends so much upon the ability of your outlay, extensiveness of your equipment and local conditions that I am unable to give you anything like a definite reply. I think it a good plan in your case to make such arrangement that your foreman will feel a responsible interest in affairs and not become negligent of duty. If he is financially interested it will likely stimulate him to hustle and carefulness in details. You should decide in your mind what you are willing under favorable conditions that your foreman should make in addition to what you are paying him in wages. As an average of favorable conditions under careful management I think you can figure on raising 60 per cent colts of the number of mares bred, though some years you may not be able to raise this many. The question then arises how many of your mares will likely produce colts that are worth more than $100 when one year old? The locality and the way in which the stallions are handled are factors that determine what the commission from service fees from outside mares will be. A mature stallion handled properly can serve 100 mares in a season. If the impregnator is used, several times as many can be bred.

FOREIGN LIVE STOCK NOTES

The grading up of sheep stocks in South Africa by drafts from noted Australian flocks has begun to tell. Since the war the output of wool has been doubled, and in a few years South Africa may easily become one of the principal sources of our wool supply.

The sheep markets are not particularly brisk, and prices both for store and fat consignments have shown a tendency to decline.

Anthrax continues to be the most disquieting feature in the returns under the diseases of animals acts published by the board of agriculture. This dread disease is widespread and outbreaks are becoming more common, and though every precaution is taken for the destruction of the bodies of infected animals, it is evident that more drastic measures will be necessary to keep it in check.

Grass-fed cattle are arriving in the markets in increasing numbers, but the majority are very imperfectly finished. Buyers, however, are not in a position to pick and choose, and all classes of animals sell at good prices. The grazier has a double object in marketing his bullocks at this early period—he not only benefits by the high prices by clearing his first supplies, but he will be able to restock his pastures and have another lot ready for the butcher before harvest. In this way he hopes to increase his profit, though he has to pay dearly for store stock, especially for those in advanced condition, and that class alone is suitable for his purpose. —London Live Stock Journal.

Horse and Mule Meat in Paris.

Consular Report.

According to French official statistics for 1909, just published, Vice Consul General Dean B. Mason says, the number of live animals shipped to Paris for local consumption was as follows: The cattle numbered 179,161, or 2,068 more than in 1908; 1,118,832 sheep, a decrease of 7,324; 111,391 calves, or 1,625 increase; 215,133 pigs, or 47,283 increase. In 1909 there were slaughtered for food in Paris 48,795 horses, 861 mules and 3,305 donkeys.

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Better Things.

Better to feel a love within
Than to be lovely to the sight;
Better a homely tenderness
Than beauty's wild delight.

Better to love than be beloved,
Though lonely all the day;
Better the fountain in the heart
Than the fountain by the way.

Better to be a little wise
Than learned overmuch;
Better than high are lowly thoughts,
For truthful thoughts are such.

Better to have a quiet grief
Than a tumultuous joy;
Better than manhood, age's face,
If the heart be of a boy.

Better a death when work is done
Than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house,
Than the king of all the earth.
—George McDonald.

Words of the Wise.

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—Hazlitt.

Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Samuel Smiles.

There is no better sign of a brave man than a hard hand.—Shakespeare.

Destiny bears us to our lot, and destiny is perhaps our own will.—Disraeli.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.—Emerson.

A single grateful thought toward heaven is the most complete prayer.—Lessing.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body of him whose heart is dissatisfied.—Saadi.

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.—Shakespeare.

The rarest feeling that ever lights a human face is the contentment of a loving soul.—Beecher.

Four precepts: To break off customs; to shake off spirits; to meditate on youth; to do nothing against one's genius.—Hawthorne.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

It is easy not to steal and not to lie, but it is not easy to keep from losing patience, and getting envious, and wanting to have your own way.—A. H.

Apply the result of your reading to your everyday life.—David Pryde.

'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets;
And simple faith than Norman blood.
—Tennyson.

Keep steadily before you the fact that all true success depends at least upon yourself.—Theodore Munger.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.—Addison.

It is very good for strength
To know that some one needs you to be strong.
—Elizabeth Barret Browning.

The essence of Christianity is not imitating Christ, but trusting him.—P. T. Forsyth.

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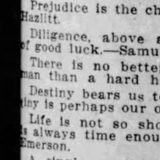

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Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 35, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

TWENTY MILLION-CLASS CITIES

THE census-taking of the year has gone far enough and enough is known of its results to show that the world has about twenty cities which are in the million class in population. That may not be the exact number of such big urban centers, but in default of an accurate and comprehensive enumeration in the Chinese Empire, it is impossible to be certain.

If the actual extent of cities rather than their official limits is taken as the measure of their size, these twenty great centers of human life and work contain 41,650,000 inhabitants, as nearly as can be ascertained—nearly half of the population of the United States in a score of municipalities. That total may be too high or too low, because of the uncertainties of Asiatic estimates and official data, but it is not far from the mark.

North America, comparatively young and containing not more than 15 per centfi as large a population as Asia, has four of the twenty cities which are in the million class. All four are in the United States. New York, Chicago and Philadelphia are far above that limit, and it was explained at the outset that the actual extent of cities situated as Boston is, with half its people outside its municipal limits, was made the rule in calculating the number of cities above the million mark. Any fair basis of computation puts Boston well beyond a million.

These four great urban centers in the United States contain about 11,200,000 inhabitants, giving New York its New Jersey population and raising its official total to 6,000,000. Chicago has 2,250,000, with a few contiguous suburbs included. Philadelphia, also expanded enough to take in a few square miles of suburban territory, has 1,700,000 and Boston is pinched down close if credited with 1,250,000.

South America has one city above the million mark. Buenos Ayres certainly exceeds 1,250,000 inhabitants, but in the absence of a census, that number may be taken as conservative. There is no million-class city in Australia, Africa or on any of the islands of the seas.

Asia, much the largest and most populous of the continents, is the source of great perplexity to students of city growth and bulk. More than half of its 800,000,000 people live where no census taking is ever done, in a thorough and convincing way, and satisfactory estimates are very difficult.

There is no doubt about Tokyo, with its 2,250,000 residents, or Osaka, with 1,250,000. Japan has an accurate and painstaking government. Neither is it doubtful that Calcutta contains about 1,250,000 inhabitants. It has 1,026,000 when the British took the latest census of India, in 1901, and growth has been rapid. Bombay can hardly have reached the 1,000,000 limit.

Here are eight cities above the million limit in all the world, except Europe and China. Europe certainly has seven and probably eight. With their population, in their real territory, not always confined to their official boundaries, they are as follows: London, 7,500,000; Paris, 2,850,000; Berlin, 2,750,000; Vienna, 2,150,000; St. Petersburg, 1,750,000; Moscow, 1,500,000; Constantinople, 1,150,000, and Budapest probably 1,050,000, and growing very fast.

It will be seen that in eight urban centers Europe has 20,700,000 men, women and children. If Salford, which might well be a part of Manchester, were included in that city, and Hamburg had larger boundaries, both of those cities might come into the million class.

Chinese cities have to be guessed at, and estimates vary greatly. Some authorities place Hankow and its two great suburbs, or immediate neighbors, as high as 2,000,000, while others think the three cities have less than 1,000,000 people altogether. Probably 1,500,000 is a fair compromise. Peking has perhaps 1,200,000 residents, but it is safe to put the Chinese capital at the even 1,000,000. Canton is usually estimated at from 1,500,000 to 1,800,000. It can hardly stand below 1,250,000. Tienstin probably has 1,000,000 inhabitants, and two or three other Chinese cities may exceed the limit. On a conservative basis of calculation China may be credited with four million-class cities containing 4,750,000 residents.

The grand total for the world's twenty cities which exceed 1,000,000 in population is 41,650,000, according to the estimates of recent growth and of Chinese cities which have been used in connection with the latest census reports. It is quite clear that the urban growth of the world is one of the most momentous as well as spectacular phases of its progress.

Why the Tiger Has Stripes.

The American Boy.

It is not a mere matter of chance that the tiger's coat is marked with its beautiful stripes of black and yellow and that the lion is of a uniform sandy hue.

The former lives in the grassy jungles of Asia, where the giant blades of grass, as many feet long as they are inches in this country, and the light and shade of the forest are admirably matched by the skin of the animal in question. Hence it is able to approach its prey unperceived.

Lions, the big cats of Africa, on the other hand, are for the most part dwellers in the wilderness and roam the outskirts of the desert in search for food. Their color in these surroundings is equally protective.

There are countless examples of this protective colorat on among animals. Sometimes, as in the cases just cited, the effect is to enable them the more easily to obtain their food. But it also acts in another way by affording concealment to weak and timid creatures from their carnivorous enemies.

Not only is there a yearly increase in the number of the insane in New York state, but also an increase in excess of the growth of the population. On October 1, 1908, there were 35,507 patients in the various hospitals for the insane and sanitariums in New York, an increase of 1,414 over the previous year.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE Y. W. C. A.

Please give an account of the Young Woman's Christian association.—M. G. H., East Springfield, Pa.

The Young Woman's Christian associations are organizations devoted to the physical, social, intellectual and spiritual development of young women. The first of these associations was founded in London, England, in 1855. In this country they were the outgrowth of the Ladies Christian Union, established in New York in 1858. The object of this organization was to further the welfare of women, especially of the young women dependent upon their own efforts for support. The first association in America organized under the name of the Y. W. C. A. was founded in Boston in 1866. At first the work was modeled after that of the Y. M. C. A., but it was soon found that among women the requirements were more varied. In addition to lodging and boarding the Y. W. C. A.'s of the cities have gymnasiums, educational classes, entertainments, lectures, employment bureaus, and other means for promoting the intellectual and social interests of their members.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE

I would like to have a short biography of General A. E. Burnside.—M. B., Massey ville, W. Va.

Ambrose Everett Burnside, the American soldier, was born May 23, 1824. When he was 17 years of age he apprenticed himself to a tailor, spending his leisure in study and useful reading. Two years later he entered West Point, graduating in 1847. In 1852 he resigned from the army to engage in the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle, but this failed and Burnside was declared bankrupt. He then secured employment with a railroad and succeeded in paying every dollar of his obligations. Burnside took command of a regiment of militia when the civil war broke out. He commanded a brigade at Bull Run, and in 1862 captured Roanoke Island. In November, 1862 he superseded General McClellan in the command of the Potomac army. He attacked General Lee at Fredericksburg but was repulsed with a loss of over 10,000 men. Hooker relieved him and Burnside was transferred to the department of the Ohio. He captured Cumberland Gap and occupied Knoxville, Tennessee with 18,000 men. General Longstreet laid siege to the town from which Burnside and his army was delivered by the approach of Sherman's army. Burnside returned to the army of the Potomac under Grant and took command of the 9th army corps. After participating in several battles General Meade and a military commission reported that he was "amenable for want of success." In 1865 he resigned from the army to take charge again of railway construction and management. He was governor of Rhode Island from 1866 to 1868 and was elected to the United States senate 1875 and 1880.

DIAMONDS

Please tell through the Question Bureau all you can about diamonds.—A. F., Butler, Ind.

The diamond consists of carbon, a simple or elementary substance, crystallized and in its greatest purity. Diamonds are commonly colorless and clear, like water, although sometimes, from some slight foreign intermixture, they are white, gray, yellow, green, brown, and more rarely orange, red, blue or black. The lustre is adamantic and very high; the transparency perfect in specimens perfectly free from foreign substances, the presence of which, however, even in very small quantity, mars it, and sometimes almost produces opacity. Its primary form is a regular octahedron, but it appears also in rhombic dodecahedrons; and its crystals often have curvilinear faces and edges. Its structure is distinctly lamellar. It burns before the blow pipe in air or in oxygen gas, combining with oxygen to form carbonic acid. Its hardness renders it incapable of being scratched by any other substance and is cutting and polishing diamonds, diamond dust is employed. The diamond is found in alluvial deposits which are worked for gold, sometimes attached to loose pieces of brown hematite, and sometimes in a conglomerate of quartz and chaledony, cemented by ferruginous clay; but it is not certain in what geological formation it originated. The diamond mines of India have the same character as those in Brazil. The diamond was long known in Asia, in Hidostan, Borneo, Sumatra, and in the Ural mountains before it was discovered elsewhere; the district from Cape Cormorin to the Bay of Bengal, including the famous mines of Golconda, furnished the world until 1828, when the Brazilian mines were discovered. The South African diamond fields were discovered through some children finding a diamond of 21½ carats on the banks of the Orange river in 1868. Diamonds have been found in 24 different localities in the United States.

LINOLEUM

Will you please tell how linoleum is made?—W. H. B., Sheridan, Ore.

Linoleum was introduced as a floor cloth in England in 1860. It consists of a mixture of oxidized linseed oil and ground cork spread in a uniform layer upon canvas, the surface of which may be printed in patterns of different colors as in ordinary floor cloth. The oxidizing of the linseed oil, by which process it becomes a caoutchouc-like substance possess ng a certain amount of elasticity, is affected by exposing it in thin films to the influence of air. Certain proportions of kaurigum, rosin and pigments, according to the ground color desired, are added to the oxidized oil, which is then intimately mixed with the ground cork, and firmly squeezed on and rendered adherent to the surface of a rough canvas backing, which is afterward coated or waterproofed with oil paint.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Will not the Question Bureau give a brief sketch of the life of Ralph Waldo Emerson?—N. T. H., Millbury, O.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. In his eighth year, on the death of his father, he was sent to one of the public grammar schools of that city, and soon qualified to enter the Latin school. He entered Harvard in 1817 and graduated in August, 1821. His first attempts at literary composition were made while in the Latin school. Although records do not show that Mr. Emerson held high rank in his class, yet he received a Bowdoin prize twice for dissertations and another prize for declamation. He was also the poet of his class on class day. For five years he taught school. In 1826 he was "apnointed to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Preachers. His health failing he went south, spending the winter in Florida and South Carolina. In March, 1829, he was ordained as colleague of Henry Ware at the Second Unitarian church of Boston. He was the eighth in succession of a consecutive line of ministers. In December, 1832, he sailed for Europe and remained abroad nearly a year. It was on his return, and during the winter of 1833-34, that Mr. Emerson began his career as a lecturer, his first lecture being on the subject of "Water" at the Mechanics' Institute, in Boston. In 1840 The Dial, a quarterly, was published, Emerson appearing among the distinguished editors of the periodical. His essays have been collected and published under different titles, as have his other writings. A revised edition of his complete works was first published in 1869. He also delivered many unpublished addresses on topics of public interest. His observations on society, on manners, on character, on institutions, are characterized by keen penetration. It is said that he does not prove, but announces, aiming directly at the intelligence of his readers, without striving to extract a reluctant assent to force or argument. Occasionally he purchases expression at the expense of clearness, but the singular beauty and significance of his language are often remarkable. His writings and lectures gave rise to what is known as the Emersonian, or Concord School of Philosophy. His writings in their order of publication are as follows: "Nature," 1836; "Poems," 1840; "Essay," first series 1841, second series 1847; "Miscellanies," consisting of collegiate and other addresses, most of which had already been printed in The Dial, 1850; "May Day and Other Poems," 1867; "Letters and Social Aims," 1875. Mr. Emerson died in Concord, April 27, 1882, and is buried in the cemetery there.

ST. CLAIR TUNNEL

Please give an account of how the St. Clair tunnel was constructed.—S. A. E., Gloucester, Va.

In making the St. Clair tunnel the hydraulic shield was used. This is a strong cylinder somewhat resembling a huge barrel with both ends removed. The front end of the cylinder is sharpened, so as to have a cutting edge to enter the earth. The rear end, for a length of two feet or so, is quite thin, and is called the hood. Inside of the hood the iron plates of the tunnel of which its walls were made, were built up and the hoods was then drawn off and pushed forward. In August, 1889, work was begun at both ends of the tunnel at once and the two shields met in the middle of the tunnel August 30, 1890. A length of 6,050 feet had been cut in a little over 12 months, which was unprecedented rapidity in tunnel making. The tunnel is nearly circular, 20 feet high in the center of the arch. Its walls are made of cast iron, laid in segments, which are fastened together with bolts. These segments are two inches thick. They are fastened together so closely with the bolts that the walls are practically water-tight.

GAME LAWS OF MICHIGAN

Will you please give me the game laws of Michigan, and the law on muskrats? —R. C., Bellaire, Mich.

The following are the game laws of Michigan, the dates given being those of the open seasons:

Deer, Nov. 10-Dec. 1, but for deer in red coat and fawn in spotted coat there is no open season. Deer are protected in Aranac, Bay Benzie, Cheboygan, Emmet and Lelanau counties until 1912, on Bois Blanc island (Mackinac county) until 1918. For elk, moose and caribou, there is no open season until June 16, 1913, except the elk on Bois Blanc island, which are protected until 1918. The open seasons for bear are from Nov. 1-April 1; for squirrel (black, fox or gray), Oct. 15-Dec. 1; qua'l (Virginia partridge), until Oct. 15, 1914; ruffed grouse (partridge), spruce hen (except on Upper Peninsula, Oct. 1-Dec. 1), Oct. 15-Dec. 1; pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), no open season; wild turkey, capercallzie, black game, hazel grouse, pheasants (English, Mongolian), wild pigeon, open season until 1910; European partridge, until 1912; dove, and no open season, plover, snipe, woodcock, duck, goose, brant or other waterfowl (except that snipe, bluebill, canvasback, widgeon, redhead, pintail, whistler, spoonbill, butterball and sawbill duck, goose and brant may be hunted March 2-April 26, and goose and brant in Chippewa county any time), Sept. 1-Jan. 2.

The law makes no mention of muskrats.

TO MAKE YEAST

I would like to know how to make good yeast.—R. F., Bryon, Minn.

To make good yeast without ferment, put two ounces best hops into nine pints cold water; boil one-half hour, strain while hot, and add two ounces fine table salt and one-half a pound sugar. When the mixture becomes blood warm, put one pound sifted flour into a large basin, make a well in the center with the hand, add the liquor by degrees, stirring with a spoon until the whole is incorporated. Let it stand for two days in a warm place, stirring it three or four times a day; then boil and mash finely three pounds of good potatoes and mix them in. After standing one day more there should be a heavy dark scum on the surface. Stir it thoroughly, strain through a sieve or colander, put it into a stone jug, cork and tie down firmly, and keep in a cool cellar. This is a self-fermenting yeast, improves by keeping if not left uncorked, and will not make sour bread.

SIR JOHN ELIOT

Please give a biography of Sir John Eliot.—C. A. A., Mancelona, Mich.

Sir John Eliot, the English orator and statesman, was born April 20, 1592, and died November 27, 1632. In 1614 he entered parliament as a member for St Germans, winning immediate reputation as an orator. He did much to suppress piracy when he was vice admiral of Devon. He was a member of several parliaments, becoming a prominent member of the Constitutional party, which backed Hampden in refusing contributions to the forced loan. He also took a prominent part in the impeachment of Buckingham. In 1629 Eliot was imprisoned in the Tower, dying there three years later. Eliot was the author of a work on constitutional monarchy. He was not a republican, but firmly believed in a constitutional monarchy, and all through his career boldly maintained the privileges of parliament, both in its individual members and as a legislative and executive body.

WYANDOTTE CAVE

Please give a description of Wyandotte cave through these columns.—S. C., Erlanger, Ky.

Wyandotte cave is in Crawford county, Indiana. It is 22 miles in extent, with a maximum width of 300 feet, and a height of 245 feet. It is dry, and contains but few narrow passages. For the most part the galleries are broad and high, and frequently expand into great rooms. The walls are covered in places with beautiful crystals. The two most extensive rooms are called Mammoth hall and the Senate chamber. The former is 350 feet long and 245 feet high, and contains a hill 175 feet high, on top of which stand three great stalagmites.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Will you please tell about Sheridan's ride?—S. L., Philadelphia, Pa.

On October 19, 1864, Sheridan was at Winchester while his troops were being defeated by the Confederates under Early at Cedar Creek. He rode for 20 miles to reach the scene of battle and when he arrived the federal soldiers were retreating. With Sheridan on the scene they were inspired with confidence, and, facing the enemy, they turned the tide of battle by defeating Early.

KRAKATOA AND PELEE

Please tell which was the greater eruption, that of the volcano Krakatoa or that of Pelee.—T. B., Hardwood, Mich.

Krakatoa's was by far the greater and more violent eruption, but the loss of life was not so great as that of Mont Pelee. This, of course, was because only a few natives lived on the small island of Krakatoa. In August, 1883, Krakatoa exploded with a noise that was heard by the coast guard on the island of Rodriquez, 3,000 miles away. Sir Robert Ball says of the explosion in his work just published by the Appleton's, "This supreme effort it was which produced the mightiest noise that, so far as we can ascertain, has ever been heard on the globe." The coast guard at the island of Rodriquez heard the report four hours after the explosion, just the time required for sound to travel 3,000 miles. The island of Krakatoa was blown into fragments, and most of it disappeared beneath the sea. Mont Pelee's effort in the way of noise was feeble compared with that of of Krakatoa. The volcano in Martinique was heard only 200 miles away during the great explosion which destroyed St. Pierre.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. F. H., Rembrandt, Ia.: We know nothing concerning a reward for the Invention of a life saving device.

T. A. S., Potter Brook, Pa.: We can recommend nothing that will remove ink stains from paper without injuring it.

H. A. W., Cozard, Neor.: There were no horses on this continent before the Spaniards came over.

A. B., Rome, Ky.: We have answered your question concerning the salaries of the President, congressmen, etc., innumerable times. Refer to back numbers of The Blade.

Pity the Clocks.

Washington Star.

Postmaster General Hitchcock, on his arrival in New York on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, said he would at once resume the organization of the postoffice savings banks.

"This work," he added, "must be conducted carefully and scientifically You can't establish postal savings banks as the cobbler of my native Amherst repaired clocks.

"A visitor to the cobbler's shop noticed one day a barrel half full of tiny brass cogwheels.

"'Why,' he said, 'what are all those for?'

"'Goodness knows,' answered the cobbler, with a careless laugh. 'I get about a cupful out of every clock I mend.'"

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His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salves, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs, so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

ABOUT THE BIRDS

IN THE serenest and most comfortable weather of the year the birds leave their summer haunts by uncounted millions, for their long journey southward. They are driven by some inner force, some mysterious compulsion wholly outside of man's understanding.

There can't be constraint of weather or other natural conditions of life. They go while the days are balmy and when even the coolest nights are warm by comparison with many which the same birds endure in the spring without flinching.

It is not lack of food, for seeds and fruits and insects and worms—the varied supplies of the bird larder—are all extremely abundant at this season. This is a vastly better opportunity to obtain plenty of food of whatever kinds may be most desired than there is in March or April.

The shortening of the days and the lengthening of the nights cannot be the secret, for when the great migrations come birds of many species are remarkably active after dark and show a curious ability to forget their accustomed fear of flying at night.

Nor can the explanation be found in the time required to make the long journey to the Gulf of Mexico, or even to South America. When the little songsters that rarely fly more than a few hundred feet without lighting, during the summer, are ready for their migration to the tropics or the subtropics they show wonderful speed and endurance.

Some students of bird life believe that many birds fly up from the gulf to the lake region in the spring and back again in the fall, without a real break in the journey, either way. It is not necessary to agree with this theory to recognize the meaning of the undoubted fact that vast numbers of birds fly wide reaches of the Gulf of Mexico on their way South at this time of the year.

There is a deep and unexplained sense of hurry and compulsion. With weeks of fine weather ahead, birds of many kinds are filled with a restless eagerness to be moving southward. They could finish their journey in a week if it were necessary, or a fortnight at most. Eminent naturalists believe that they often travel much faster than that.

Extraordinary conditions affect the notes—not the songs, for there are none with rare exceptions—of the birds under the spell of the migrating impulse. At night they can be heard, far overhead or all about, if the observer is on a high hill or in a lofty tower, uttering calls and cries which can seldom be identified by those who know the birds and their ordinary sounds as well as they know the voices of human friends.

And the birds go south, as they come north in the spring, not merely in a general way or to a wide region, but to the same locality, year after year. The same wonderful sense of distance and direction guides them both ways. If it is memory, in any respect, the quality of that memory is of a kind unknown to man.

But hidden and marvelous as this migrating instinct is, it can be overcome, in certain individual birds. All that is necessary is a plentiful supply of food. Exceptional song birds of the kinds which migrate regularly, stay north through the severest winters, after they discover some especially favored place where there is enough to eat in the worst weather.

So the dominating instinct is not so indifferent to external needs and conditions as it seems. The exceptions prove that the rule is subject to more or less modification by conditions external to the birds and not under their control.

This fact conveys a vague hint of the origin of mysterious migrations far back when the world was young. We are prone to forget the vastness of time, in considering such problems of nature. It is not a case of hundreds of years or of thousands, but of hundreds of thousands or millions.

Why a Cat Falls on Its Feet.

London Globe.

A scientist has constructed an ingenious model to show why a cat in falling invariably alights on its feet. This model, roughly speaking, consists of a cardboard cylinder wherein are stuck four rods to serve for legs, together with a tail devised on similar principles. The object of the experiment is to show that a feline's peculiar faculty depends on the rotation of its tail with sufficient vigor.

This faculty is specially developed by climbing and leaping animals, such as members of the cat tribe, monkeys, squirrels, rats and most lemurs. As already stated, the tail plays an important part in the righting process. According to the investigator all tree inhabiting monkeys have long tails, and there is no the slightest doubt that these tails are of great aid to all climbers in enabling them to turn in the air. The tail also serves as a balancer, as evidenced in the case of a squirrel, which may be seen walking along a tightly stretched wire or string swinging its tail from side to side much after the manner of a tight rope walker balancing himself with a pole.

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WORLD'S SUPPLY OF WHEAT

By N. A. Clapp.

At the present time the subject of the possibilities of the world's supply of wheat is kept before the people of the country by some of the magazines and the commercial press, that seem prone to discuss it from several standpoints, but as yet I have not seen any comment on the subject that approaches its magnitude. It is a great subject—one difficult to calculate near the exact extent with any absolute assurance of being correct But as many who have read some of the articles on the subject and heard the matter discussed in private are expressing feelings of apprehension of a great shortage of this important cereal, I have thought best to venture some facts that may set at rest the feelings of dark forebodings, and bring rays of hope for us and future

As a student of anthropology, or the science of mankind in its entirety, it has been a pleasure to seek out what facts I have been able to in regard to the important subject of the possibilities of a livelihood for the entire masses of humanity. And also as a student of mankind, it has been a pleasure to study the characteristics of each of the races of men, and get as nearly the facts as possible as to their natural inclinations and probable achievements, which can be reckoned upon very closely as to the outcome of each in the world's work in the future.

It is a fact well known to all students of men, that of the three great branches of the human kind, the lowest, the black races, have been too indolent, when left to themselves, to make any worthy progress in civilization. The middle races, or the reds and browns, have been builders of temples and tombs, and yet have been selfish, brutal and cruel, slow to take to advancement, except when they have been forced to do so, when brought into competition with the white race. The Japanese are the noted exception, and their progress is due to having been awakened by the white races.

The Aryan, or white races, have been making rapid strides during the last one thousand years, and have become the dominant races that are soon to control the world. As the name Aryan implies, they are the tillers of the soil. Ayr meant originally to plow. They were the first to discover the use that could be made of the king of metals, iron, and after manipulating it and shaping their tools, they cleared the native forest trees away, plowed the ground and planted crops.

They started from in the northeast of Asia and worked their way to western Asia and Europe. It was undoubtedly in the fertile valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers that they improved the conditions and developed from grass triticum or wheat-grass, what we call wheat. It was for a long time supposed that central Asia was the native country of the wheat plant, but recent discoveries disclose the fact that around the Mediterranean sea the wheat-grass is found, and when brought under cultivation becomes transformed into wheat.

Starting from the early home of the Aryan races we can begin to calculate on the extent and possibilities of the world's production of wheat. If we look to the northeast across the fertile valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris, up across independent Tartary into Russia and on into Siberia, we would cover more than one hundred millions of acres that can be reclaimed and made to add to the already large supply of wheat. Leave out the United States, which has not nearly reached her maximum capabilities, and glance to the great country northwest of us comprising Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and we could find fifty millions of acres well adapted to raising wheat that has as yet been untouched.

If we look at Australia we find a vast country capable of furnishing an addition to the wheat fields of fifty millions of acres. If we look to Africa there is the great fertile country of Manchuria and other portions that can more than duplicate the possibilities of Australia. Then we have at the south of us the great country of Argentina, with her eighty millions of acres adapted to raising wheat and only one-fourth of it touched by the plow.

Of course it requires time to develop and put into productive operations the vast stretches of territory that are adapted to wheat growing, but as fast as the stimulus of high prices is given to the ever active and industrious Aryans, the movements for the conquests of the great wheat fields will be inaugurated, and the supplies of wheat will be increased. By the modern methods of transportation, distance is almost eliminated from the proposition, and it matters but little whether the world's supply is to come from Canada, Siberia, Manchuria, Australia or Argentina, our necessities will be supplied without great advancement in price to the consumers.

About fifty years ago we were taught that there were ten hundred million of people in the world. At the present time it is claimed that there are sixteen hundred and twenty-five million, or an increase of a little over 60 per cent. At the same ratio of increase, in 1950 there will be approximately twenty-five hundred million people, which at the estimated average rate of consumption of five bushels per head would require twelve billion five hundred million bushels to supply the necessities of the annual needs. That amount would begin to stimulate activities in production in all parts of the wheat growing portions of the world. But we must calculate that the annual yield mentioned would be much larger than will be required for the reason that in the portions of the world north of the temperate zone the consumption of wheat is not large. In those countries near the equator other articles of food are used largely, and the demand for wheat will not be great.

The conditions in our own country and the possibilities of production are what concern us most. I am willing to admit that the alarmists' bones from animals and the ground and treated rock from the phosphate gathered and returned by the use of beds, the primeval grave yards found in some parts of the world.

It is undoubtedly true that the phosphate beds in the southeasterly portions of the country are in the hands of syndicates and if the wheat growers seek a supply from that source they will be required to pay well for it. In the states of Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, there are vast beds of phosphate rock, and there have been efforts made to induce congress to withdraw them from the market and hold them for the benefit of the people of the country, instead of allowing them to go into the hands of speculators. Our congressmen have not been thus far awakened to the necessities of the situation. They are willing to spend weeks and months in an apparent effort to unseat a Mormon senator, a thing they know they cannot do under the constitution, for it guarantees to every individual a right to any religious faith and religious liberty.

We have reason to believe that the present agitation of the wheat problem will bring about beneficial results. If by reason of these discussions in the press the matter can be brought to the consideration of the vast army of wheat producers of the country and each and every individual can be induced to intelligently "conserve the elements" necessary for continuous wheat production, it will tend to ease the minds of those who are apprehensive of trouble in the near future, and defer, by a long period of years, the time when the people of the United States will be obliged to draw from the outside world a portion of the wheat needed to meet their necessities.

Students at the University of Missouri college of agriculture studying wheat in the farm crops laboratory. Six hundred were enrolled in the agronomy courses last year. More care is required in the gathering of seed wheat than seed corn, and the practice of seed selection in wheat is not advanced to the degree of seed corn selection.

ABORIGINAL ROASTING EARS

Aborignies Ate Them When Captain John Smith Arrived.

Richmond Times-Dispatch.

We do not know what the Indians called roasting ears, but there is no question that this was one of the principal articles of diet of the aborigines when Capt. John Smith and his fellow colonists established themselves in this virgin country. A man who was born in Maine and has lived all about said that the term was first used in New England, but we doubt that, as the records would appear to show that we were making it was in Virginia before the Pilgrims landed at Plym

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Melancholy Days

The poet who wrote about the melancholy days was thinking of the end of summer and the coming of autumn. He was dreaming of brown fields and tinted woods. But the so-called "melancholy days" are not the saddest of the year to the practical mind. While the poet is giving his fancy a loose rein the far-seeing man, having garnered his harvest, is looking ahead to the approach of winter and providing for its many wants. To supply them he is watching for opportunities—the chance to buy to the best advantage. Naturally he turns to the advertising columns of his favorite newspaper. Blade advertisements point the way to easy purchasing. The Blade advertiser who has something to sell that you want to buy can be reached from the remotest corner of the country. A letter, at a cost of two cents, may open the way to a gratifying business transaction.

It's our theory that Maine went Democratic as an advertisement.

Tawney is a handsome man, but pulchritude was not an issue in his district.

There is no substitute for mushrooms. Toadstools won't answer the purpose.

Not many men go into an argument for the information they expect to get out of it.

It is easy to find a nucleus for a new political party, but followers are often scarce.

Trolley cars are as unsuccessful as locomotives when it comes to passing on the same track.

Lisbon police have found a bomb factory, but they don't regard it as an industrial enterprise.

Uncle Joe Cannon's idea of dying with his boots on seems to have become a passion with him.

A good start has been made against sugar trust officials, but it will take some time to get them all in jail.

We have often wondered if the time will ever come when Mr. Roosevelt will be affectionately referred to as "Uncle Ted."

Census figures show that the drift to the cities is still strong. The fellows who are going back to the soil haven't started yet.

It is doubtful if President Taft is doing much worrying about the future. He will have several pay days before March 4, 1912.

David Graham Phillips declares that American wives spend their lives in idleness. He ought to see 'em during the canning season.

Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, predicts that the cost of living will go higher. Let it go higher. Life is worth all it costs.

Preachers used to preach long and loud sermons to attract attention. Now they use the simpler method of saying something sensational.

It's a great disappointment to a woman to discover that what she thinks is a secret is a matter of general information in the neighborhood.

A Kentucky clergyman who plays baseball was voted unfit for a pulpit by his congregation. Kentucky congregations probably draw the line at croquet.

Shooting at balloons in transit is a reprehensible thing to do. Fortunately there are vicious persons whose marksmanship is so poor they can't hit a balloon.

Sociologists have been trying to find out why boys are bad by taking physical measurements of their ears, eyes and heads. While they are at it, why not count the freckles?

We are hereby make the prediction that Warren G. Harding will be the next governor of Ohio. By making the prophecy now we beat General Grosvenor at his own game.

A New York man refused to marry a girl because she snickered while he was negotiating a license. He should have had patience. Marriage is a sure cure for snickering.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, of London, declares that all the world is going crazy. No doubt the unfortunate inmates of almost any lunatic asylum would readily agree with the eminent doctor.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox declares that in a former existence she maintained a salon at the time of Louis XIII. and was a wicked woman with beauty and brains. Why doesn't she try to forget it?

Mr. Cannon says insurgency is an incident. The dictionary says it is an act of insurrection. Defeated candidates at the recent elections think it is closely related to General Sherman's definition of war.

The world is growing better. A Boston boy of 15 has run away from home for the purpose of evangelizing the Indians. Time was when boys started west with a grim determination to annihilate the red man. Very few of them, however, got farther than the next county.

Progressive Republicanism--I

The Birth and the Early Growth.

The insurgent movement, as it is defined today, is hardly two years old. It had its beginning in the protest of one man who had made a discovery which shocked his honesty and grieved his faith in his fellows. He had found wherein his country was being cheated. He called the fact to the attention of a committee of the house of representatives to which he belonged. What was his astonishment when the members thereof expressed irritation that any mention whatsoever had been made of the cheating. They made it plain to the new-fledged congressman that the offenders were their friends and it was not his business—in their opinion—to go charging like a bull into a china store of smoothly running governmental affairs. The congressman rebuked was amazed, but his faith was still strong within him. He sought a hearing upon the floor of the house. It was the practice then for the speaker to pass upon the subjects of speeches in advance. Members were required to go to him before or after session and arrange for recognition. Obedient to the custom, the young representative sought the speaker. There he ran against the second wall raised to blockade the way of the reformer. He learned that he wasn't to be permitted to talk upon the subject. It was taboo. But he was persistent. Then troubles came upon him. He was harassed in all his endeavors. Barriers were raised against the simplest legislation he sought for his constituents. He was politically and socially ostracized. No man in public life was more out of the world than he. From a person who had gone to Washington thinking he was to have a rather pleasant time doing the best that he could for his country, he became one dogged and bitter and sworn to just two policies. He would bring about the correction of the evil he had uncovered. He would break down the system which had gagged his mouth. He did the one because he took his story to Theodore Roosevelt. He did the other because of an old, old axiom of the human race, one phrased in many ways and spoken in many tongues—"The right will prevail."

This was the first phase of the insurgent movement—a worthy foundation for a just cause. We all remember how a little group gathered about that young congressman, two and then five, and in time becoming strong enough in numbers to form a coalition which compelled the changing of the obnoxious rules. There was storm and stress about the speaker's platform, a call for the faithful following, delays and truces, secret pledges and the shameless breaking of other pledges, unspeakable alliances, accusations never to be pardoned, the bursting of friendships lifelong and the formation of new alignments scarcely to be believed possible. Thus the parliamentary war, the first phase of insurgency, passed beyond the stage of infancy. New chapters are being written at the primaries and others will appear in the papers upon the morning after the November elections.

Insurgency of another order developed in the United States senate. The power over legislation has rested with a band of statesmen, strong, skilled and capable. We cannot deny them that credit. They have done good work in their day. They have been concerned with labors of which no man might be ashamed. But the world has been passing them by. They no longer can see the greater mass of humanity about them. They have no understanding of the needs of the average man or any great desire to learn what his needs or his desires be. Even their ethics have been of a class no longer up to standard. Against this power has developed an insurgency which has constructive legislation for its aim, a breaking down of the precedents which have encumbered and delayed lawmaking, a purpose and determination to get to the heart of things, learn the fundamental causes of governmental and social wrongs and cure them with real curative simples, not merely doctor them with sleeping potions. This insurgency has been fighting with less of the smell of powder and the bombination of shells than the insurgency of the house, but it has been none the less earnest. It has gained scarce the less in advantages. The powers that were are going. Part of their following will have passed from Washington before the end of next March. But not until the various legislatures which are to elect senators at their winter sessions will have closed can it be known how truly strong has grown the insurgency of the second phase.

But in the true analysis of conditions, insurgency has been only in part a matter of house and senate. Insurgency has been in the minds of people. It was called the "social unrest," the "public unrest," a dozen things vague and indeterminable, written and talked about with every degree of understanding and misconception. The human mind demands method. It cannot go on forever saying something is wrong and be unable to say just where it was wrong or unable to suggest a reasonable scheme of setting it right. To the growing abhorrence of the ocean of flubdub circulated about the "social unrest," the insurgent movement came as a star shining forth from the clouds within the sight of the navigator lost to his course. It permitted the sensible, thinking man to do what his instinct always prompts him to do—to grasp the concrete and turn a deaf ear to the befogging generalities of the political parasites of discontent. He could behold the leaders he desired. He could make the leadership which would take the field in his interest. This, more than the passing of judgment upon congressional records, is the moving cause behind the insurgent victories at the primaries. There is to be no new alignment of parties, but a sharper, more clearly defined alignment of men.

The democracy of America is founded upon the principal of government of and for and by the people. Not until of late have we come to realize how dangerously close we approached that boundary across which would be government for the people, not by the people. Too much has been delegated. Too little attention has been paid to the character of the delegates. Too little thought has been given to their associations, their weakness, their ambition, their temptations. A school of politics was formed upon expediency. There was so much to do that the short cut, whatever it might be, was accepted as the one true way to a goal. This land was in course of construction. In all history there has been no such gigantic labor undertaken with so brief a time clause written in the contract. Necessarily, much of the work has been slighted. Much of it has been jobbed. Material has been stolen. There has been a vast deal of scurrying and hurrying from one part of the job to another and the construction has suffered. But, on the whole, we know that we are proud of the work and that there is excellent reason to take pride in it. The duty comes when the structure must be gone over stone by stone, conscientiously, sometimes in pain and with disheartenment, but still gone over and made right.

At this crisis in our national career it has been interesting to note the manner of men who have perceived the shortcomings in the structure and who have leaped to take off their coats to mend them. The plans for betterment have been laid out so plainly, the mark of their hands has been so clearly discernible in the designs, that the country has given the projected labors a term without one word of suggestion from the designers. It is called the progressive movement. It means something more than insurgency, for that has been largely the voicing of a protest. Before the freeing of the slaves came the abolition agitation. Before the progressive movement, insurgency proceeds.

Only the inspired prophet can guess how far the progressive movement is to go—as we grasp its present leaps and bounds. But we do know that there is a woof in its fabric which is nobler than any other set of tenets ever broached as a feasible, practical political pattern. It will mean, if it is to have ultimate success, that equal rights for all will actually prevail. It will mean that the supremely selfish doctrine of individualism will have spoken its last word. It will mean that the sickly hothouse plants of present day political experimentalists will die. Manhood will have a higher standing. The sense of justice will succeed where there is only the form of justice. No longer are there those who sneer at one who declares the spirit of service is applicable to public life. With progressive republicanism ruling the minds of men it becomes possible for an American to say: "I give my life to good citizenship," and to discover encouragement and reward.

This is the first of a series of editorials in which it is sought to interpret the progressive movement and to define clearly the line between discontent alone and the effort to cure the discontent. The issues of the national situation will be reviewed and the application of the policies of the progressive movement explained.

TWO QUOTATIONS.

Says Theodore Roosevelt:

I believe in doing all we can do to increase the chance of the average man, to give him a fairer opportunity for an even start in the race of life. I believe in warring mercilessly against special interests, because I think that we can be true to our ideals only if, together with exceptional rewards for the exceptional man, we do our best to get fair conditions for the average man. I think we can do a good deal by law to remedy the more salient evidences of injustice around us. But the chief factor in a man's ultimate success must be the sum of the man's own qualities.

Says Harper's Weekly, the involved finances of which were relieved by J. Pierpont Morgan:

Think of taking such enormous pains to suppress the poor old fight pictures, and then letting the wild and whirling Colonel exhibit his intoxicating vocabulary from end to end of the land without so much as a license.

The declaration of principle explains the sneer.

WHEN SHIPS REALLY SAILED

A last poor echo of the clipper sailing days came to New York when the bark Bonanza, 135 days from Pedang in Sumatra, signaled for a tug and the captain asked if the Gaa Paa had arrived. And when he was told that she had not he shouted "Aha! then we win the race!"

However satisfactory the outcome of the contest to the skipper of the Bonanza it was one which would not have been mentioned when sail really was carried. It is a matter of record that the Rainbow made the trip from New York to Canton, China, and return in 197 days, her actual time at sea being but 176 days. The Howgua, built by rivals of the owners of the Rainbow, went out to Shanghai in 87 days. The packet lines, predecessors of the clippers, made speed that many steamship companies of today would not complain of. The Red Jacket ran from New York to Liverpool in 13 days and 11½ hours, a record that stood for many years. Then came a generation of navigators who had the courage of heroes and nerves that were steel. It is told of one that on putting out of Boston harbor he placed padlocks upon the halliard blocks and no one could trim a sail until he had personally removed his locks. In the '50s the American clippers were "carrying the broom" upon every sea. It was in that decade that the Dreadnought lowered the Rainbow's record by 3½ hours. In 1860 she reached Queenstown 9 days and 17 hours from Sandy Hook.

It is plain that the Bonanza is no clipper.

Standpatism is the hobble skirt of politics. The candidates who wear it don't seem to run well.

"I don't know how the world began," says Sir Oliver Lodge. Sir Oliver would never make a successful bluffer.

Mr. Pinchot shed tears at the conservation congress. It is not believed that he was thinking of Mr. Ballinger at the time.

Prophets are beginning to talk about winter, but not until we hear from our old friend Bushby, the cornhusk seer of Iowa, will we feel certain that there is going to be any winter.

"My notion about progress," says Speaker Cannon, "is that it should be a forward movement." We gather from this that Uncle Joe is not in favor of making the crawfish the national bird.

LACE CURTAINS

For October Clubs.

We are now mailing to all subscribers whose time expires next month, propositions for renewals and clubs. The lace curtains we give for clubs of ten are now so well known by Blade subscribers that it is no longer necessary to describe at length. We are sure that all who sent us clubs of ten last October will do so again next month. We wish to urge the many who sent us clubs of four last year, to make clubs of ten this year, and we feel sure most of you can easily do so.

We shall publish an excellent line of serial stories in The Blade during the coming winter months, and all other departments will be strengthened and improved. For a family newspaper, there is none other that can be substituted for The Toledo Weekly Blade.

THE BLOOD OF VIKINGS

Captain Claus Larsen, of Cleveland, appears to be of that type of man resembling the bulldog, an animal which can put its teeth in, but is temperamentally incapable of taking his teeth out. Captain Larsen had made the declaration that he would attempt to drive a power-boat through the whirlpool rapids of Niagara and to the declaration he stuck. He didn't know how to back out.

It was good fortune which took Captain Larsen so far and brought him ashore alive. It wasn't the construction of the boat nor the manner of driving. Almost from the start he was at the mercy of the wild waters. His engine stopped running. There was no steering which could avail. At one place his craft was shot 20 feet out of the water. Sometimes bow on, then stern first, the boat continued the mad career. Rolling over was but one of the swift, terrifying incidents of this voyage. Running ashore, the boat brought Captain Larsen back to safety and the chance to review one of the most spectacular flirtations ever held with death.

Twelve or 15 motor-boatmen entered their names when the venture was proposed. Fortunately for themselves and for the cause of caution they backed out. They did a very wise thing. But, of course, with a man like Larsen, wisdom of the sort is only an indifferent possession.

GOTHAM'S SEVEN PER CENT.

Babies in New York? Why should there be any where the advantage of folly and life free of care is pointed out by the beckoning signs of the Great White Way. Why should there be any when room is so preciously priced? Why should there be any when family hotels—so called—admit dogs, but bar children, when landlords inquire before granting a lease if the couple is embarrassed with such impediments?

Yet, there are babies in New York, 300,000 of them. Last year 122,976 were born, almost the population of Scranton, Pa., more than the population of either Dayton, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Cal. They come despite the cynicism of Broadway. The family hotels cannot suppress the institution of birth. Rents may be high, but still babies are born. Landlords are unable to make a virtue of race suicide. In the lower East Side, where every moment is a struggle, the baby enters and is cared for with love and jealousy and sacrifice until its own hour for struggle comes. In Fifth avenue there are almost as many babies as automobiles. Hell's Kitchen, St. Nicholas Heights, San Juan Hill, Riverside Drive, the Bowery and Brooklyn—here there are babies and babies and mothers and fathers as proud of them as ever were babies and parents to be counted. And in a bare and gloomy room of Chorus Girl row a wee cry is heard and a mother grasps to her breast the noblest jewel she has known or longed for.

Babies in New York? Three Hundred Thousand of them.

ELECERIC ROAD ACCIDENTS.

In number of wrecks and in point of fatalities, the steam roads still hold the lead. But the electric railways are young yet and—to judge by recent events—are fired with ambition. The railroads may soon drop to second place.

At a meeting here of interurban traction officers a few months ago a paper was read in which bitter complaint was made against employes. These men, it was charged, were becoming alarmingly careless. They were causing accidents out of stupidity, indifference and sometimes as if it were their deliberate intention—so said the reader of the paper.

The interurban roads entered a field of enterprise under the noses of the steam roads. The big companies were thinking of the development of freight carrying and ignored the possibilities for profit in local passenger service. Yet, though the electric roads were so wide awake as to take business the steam companies might have had, they have been blind to lessons to be learned of their predecessors. On the steam roads the engineer is a man of hard training. He has passed through the ordeal of discipline until he understands and values it and does not strain against it. He is subject to examination at any time. It is impressed upon him that tremendous responsibility is his. As a result the railroad obtains a workman of extraordinary efficiency and the country is the gainer by a citizen of superior order. The electric railroad puts responsibility upon a motorman only in somewhat lesser degree than that resting upon the engineer. Yet, the motorman is left almost entirely to pursue his own course of training, to develop quick thinking, a sense of the weight upon him. Upon one line running out of Toledo we have seen the motorman read a newspaper while his car was running at a high rate and upon another occasion beheld one tossing baggage around and giving no thought, apparently, to his speeding car. These may be exceptional instances of irresponsibility. Still, can they be paralelled by like instances of carelessness upon any steam road? We think not.

It is not for the electric companies to complain of difficulties in obtaining the right sort of men. It is their duty to make men of the right sort.

CHOICE OHIO SHOULD MAKE

With the formal opening of the Republican state campaign, the choice which lies before the voters of Ohio is forced upon the attention of all good citizens. It is discreditable to make light of such a duty as the election of a governor and other state officers, including the entire state legislature. To fail to vote this fall ought to be a reproach, if not a misfortune impossible to avoid.

The election will be no mere formality. A campaign of vital interest and importance has begun.

It ought to end in the success of the better ticket, the saner, safer and more progressive party. That will assuredly be the outcome if the voters of the state study carefully the records and personality of the men on the two tickets and consider, in candor and without prejudice, the choice which they must make.

The whole career of Warren G. Harding, Republican candidate for governor, is that of a self-made man of the people. It has been independent of big corporations or interests which enjoy or seek special privileges. He has no Wall street affiliations, no associations or ties which chain him to great capitalists.

There ought not to be any doubt about the choice of such a plain, honest, loyal man of the people instead of the railroad lawyer and intimate associate of great corporation magnates who asks Ohio to re-elect him. Since Governor Harmon is human he cannot possibly bring an open mind and unbiased judgment to the consideration of questions of public policy affecting vitally the interests of the men and the class that he has served many years, in his professional and business life. There is something grotesque in the candidacy of such a representative of special interests and Wall street connections, in this year of militant progressiveness, as the leader of a party which pleads for favor on the ground that it is radically progressive.

Marked fitness, in fact, runs through almost the entire Republican state ticket and entitles it to the favor of the voters in Ohio. Its candidates are better qualified for the kind of service the people want than the men chosen to represent the Democratic party. It ought to be successful on its merits.

Yet there is one exception. The record of George H. Watkins, candidate for re-election to the board of public works, does not justify his retention in the position which he has held while grave abuses have gone undetected or unpunished, in the branch of the state's service which has been entrusted to him and his associates in the board. Mr. Watkins ought to be defeated and the remainder of the Republican ticket elected.

THE ART THAT IS WANTING.

In the last year it has been demonstrated that aeroplanes can be driven to great heights, for long distances and in many fantastic courses. The year has been one of wonderful achievements—the flight of Curtiss down the Hudson river, the journey from London to Manchester, the voyage from Paris to London with aeronaut and passenger and the crossing of the Alps. There is one very necessary thing to accomplish in aeronautics and the year 1911 ought to be devoted to it. This is—to come to earth and still be whole as to life and limb.

The records of flying are sandwiched in between records of accidents. No aeronaut is safe. Not one is so skillful or so careful that he does not have to keep a firm grip upon his fear. He knows that if a small wire stay breaks he may come down in one frightful second, a ton of material upon him. He knows that no engine has been made for the purpose in which implicit trust can be placed. He knows that cold winds may benumb him into some fatal mistake. Hills and houses and telegraph poles all look as if upon the same dead level, when viewed from a height, and this fact must always be kept in mind lest the mere seeing of things betray one into disaster.

The art of alighting—this is the stage of development to which the designers should devote their attenion now.

SAVE THE TREES.

The forests of Ohio have been reduced to wood lots, a fact which does not in the least make the saving of the trees which are left any less a matter of importance. This is the season in which extreme damage can be done through carelessness and ignorance. To guard against this damage the state legislature has passed laws from time to time and these should be familiar to every farmer, or to anyone else who lives in the country or takes his recreation there. The agricultural experiment station at Wooster has made a note of these statutes and we take pleasure in giving them as wide a publicity as we are enabled to.

Setting fire to woods, timber or grounds of another. Punishable by a fine of not more than $100 or by imprisonment for not more than 20 days, or both. General Code, Sec. 12436.

Negligently allowing fires to escape from your own woods, prairies or grounds to adjoining grounds. Punishable by a fine of not more than $100 or imprisonment for not more than 20 days, or both. General Code, Sec. 12436.

Camping or building fires on public highways or lands adjacent thereto without having obtained the written consent of the agent, owner or owners of land abutting on the highway where proposed camp is to be made. Punishable by a fine of $10 or imprisonment for 30 days, or both. General Code, Sec. 13397.

Compulsory aid in fighting fires. The trustees of any township may order inhabitants of such township to assist in extinguishing fires which may endanger property. General Code, Sec. 7496.

Penalty for refusing aid. Any person of proper age, who refuses to comply with such order, shall forfeit a sum of not more than $50 to be collected before any justice of the peace of the township. General Code, Sec. 7498.

It should not be forgotten that any law is a dead letter unless the public will interest itself in its enforcement.

President Taft is not losing weight. He still stands as an ideal representative of the fat of the land.

What a hairy lot of individuals we would be if we allowed our whiskers to grow until Mr. Ballinger resigns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE RIGHTS OF THE READY

International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 2 Is "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." Matt. 25:1-13.

By William T. Ellis.

The most serious defect in American life is, to use the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, lack of oil; our young people face the future unprepared. Germany and Japan may both be taken as examples of preparedness. The latter won a great war almost, as Mr. Kennan's happy phrase puts it, "by prearrangement." Japan was ready, Russia was not. Germany is today the bogie man of Europe because her neighbors, and especially England, see her prepared to a degree which they have not begun to attain. In the case of the individual, as well as of the nation, this holds true; the individual German, looking forward to a business career, undergoes a preparatory training almost incredible to American youth. They learn foreign languages; in any store of even moderate pretensions in Berlin some one speaks English and probably also French and Italian.

America has given the world dazzling instances of success by haphazard; chance and luck are the goddesses oftenest invoked. The thorough training and equipment which are as reservoirs of oil for the lights of the long night are not esteemed as highly as they ought to be. The businessman who watches world trends, and who looks to the inevitable tomorrow for his greatest rewards, is the exception rather than the rule. The mechanic who is master of the position next above his own, is the exception, rather than the rule. The reporter who can write an editorial or make up the day's issue of his paper is not the average man. The teacher who knows his branch thoroughly and the art of handling students, is not to be found in every school. The preacher who, disdaining commonplaces, conventionality and clap-trap, has pursued his calling to a mastery of the ripest religious thought, and a personal, present experience of vital religion is not in every pulpit. The housewife to whom homemaking is a science carefully conned is not the treasured possession of every husband. In a word, lack of oil—failure of preparation—is a real blight upon the life of today.

The Familiar Story.

The Wise Teacher, whose counsels always outran their immediate application, incorporated this philosophy in a story that was well within the experience of his hearers. It was of a wedding and of the festal procession to meet the bridegroom. Ten young women to bear tre lamps before the bridegroom, whose coming they awaited. All had oil enough for immediate use; had the bridegroom come at once there would have been no attendants shut out of the feast. But only five of the ten took oil for a possible long wait. So while the bridegroom tarried, all slept—and we may be sure that those who were prepared for emergency slumbered most soundly and peacefully.

At midnight arose the cry, "Behold, the bridegroom!" Life's opportunities come at most unexpected times. Only the ready can accept them. Five of the waiting virgins had reservoirs of extra oil; five had only burned-out lamps. Foolishly, they wanted the wise to give up their supply, which would have left all in darkness and the bridegroom unhonored. One person may not impart his preparation to another. In life's extremities we cannot share our fitness. Character is not transferable. One cannot pass another's examinations or give him proficiency in his work, or transfer health to him. In the judgment days that are forever confronting us each must stand alone. The unready must endure their own defeats; although, alas, the unfitness of one affects many; for the bridegroom was robbed of honor by the failure of the foolish virgin's oil. They were shut out but the loss was his as well as theirs.

Of course, the foolish virgins meant well. They made very plausible excuses to their friends, along with their complaints; who ever knew the failures of life to lack for excuses? Is there any spectacle in life more pathetic than these well-meaning people who are unfit—who have all the good intentions in the world, but no practical sense of how to do the right thing? The maidens really wanted to honor the bridegroom just as the shiftless Christians really want to give money to God's work and to do service for Him; but they have only futile regrets to offer, instead of foresighted readiness.

Every Day a Judgment Day.

The point of the whole lesson is that of preparedness. "Be ye also ready," is the best counsel that can be given to youth. For the ready reign. Preparation prevails. Training triumphs. The fit survive. Opportunity is only opportunity to those who are ready for it; there is no work in life so important as that of preparation. For several decades the International Young Men's Christian Association leaders concentrated their energies upon the college men, to win them to Christianity and leadership; now they say that the religious character of young men is not determined in the college but in the preparatory and high schools. We cannot begin too early to make ready for life's highest mission.

Oberammergau has been the world's greatest mecca during the past summer. Hundreds of thousands of travelers have gone to it from every corner of civilization. All have departed amazed and awefilled at the marvellous skill and beauty and artistic ability of this representation of the greatest of dramas by a company of simple Bavarian villagers. The explanation is simple, and to be given in one word—preparation. The whole village lives under the dominance of the thought of this decennial representation. To make ready for it, to become worthy of a part in the play, is the supreme ambition of every inhabitant of the place. Thus the Christus grows into his part by a life of lowly goodness. Because they are under the mastery of a great ideal they become great; preparation transforms uncouth villagers into actors whose equal as a whole cannot be found in the theatres of New York or London or Paris or Berlin. The whole world, as Emerson said, makes a beaten path to the door of the man who knows how to do anything better than anybody else.

Ready for Tomorrow.

The Boy Scout movement, which is the frequency with which the British press relizon, is taking hold in America. Its genius is one with the teaching of this parable: be ready. The Boy Scout is trained to self-contral and vigilance and helpfulness; and it is really amazing the frequency with which the British press reports the Boy Scouts on the spot in time to effect rescues and prevent accidents. On one occasion they even saved an airship and its master, who had by mishap fallen on the edge of a precipice. It is not that Boy Scouts have more opportunities than other boys, but simply that they are ready for those which come. John J. Ingalls, a brilliant though superficial statesman would be forgotten except for the one vital word he has written, his lines upon "Opportunity:"

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake: if feasting rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate
Condemned to failure, penury and woe
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore:
I answer not, and I return no more."

Equally among older persons is there demand for readiness to meet tomorrow. An unwonted stirring has been noted among the laity of late years. Will this eventuate in a resolute preparation for the opportunities of tomorrow? The passing of the professional ecclesiastics is imminent: will the informed and trained and disinterested laymen be ready to take their place. Are the intrstd men of today getting a grasp upon the facts and factors of organized religious life and service so that they may really lead in the work of tomorrow? No shallow emotionalism will suffice; the foolish virgins typify that sort of inadequate religious interest. The trained layman who masters the conditions of today and accustoms himself to speak upon them in public, finds himself needed in both politics and religion. The wise man of today is filling his reservoirs with the oil of knowledge of world conditions, broad missionary facts and tendencies, of social movements, of theological thought; for tomorrow's opportunity is coming in unexpected guise as well as in an unexpected moment.

Facing the Inevitable.

Some persons put their heads under the bedcovers when an alarm comes in the night. Ostrich-wise, they try to ignore danger rather than meet or avert it. The better way is to face the inevitable. This parable which Jesus told has two principal points. One is that there is a sure day of judgment, when the Son of Man holds all to an accounting. He means it to be a time of joyous meetings and recognitions, and so He pictures it in the guise of a wedding festival. But the main teaching is that, however long it may be delayed, the coming is sure. Men may engross themselves in material pursuits, and for a time forget the unescapable reckoning with God. But the coming is as sure as its hour is unpredictable.

Therefore—and this is the second reason of the parable—watch by being ready. They who are ready for God, are ready for anything else. All who are truly prepared for death are most effectively prepared for life. Watching for the Lord is not any such silly performance as was witnessed at Duxbury a few months ago, when a group of poor, ignorant fanatics waited in ascension robes at a certain hour for the coming of Christ. Jesus does not want to find His friends idly looking into heaven for Him; He would rather find them busy about His tasks, in His spirit, among the men and women whom He loved. Working is best watching.

HEARST AND HARMON.

William Randolph's Hearst's support of Governor Harmon by way of retaliating upon Mayor Gaynor, of New York, calls for no violation of the Hearst policies. Had Mr. Gaynor not intimated that the yellow journalist was, in his opinion, something of a cross between a coyote and a horsethief, it would still have been perfectly consistent for Hearst to give a friendly hand to Harmon. Having been called names he proceeds to offer two hands to Harmon instead of one. The endorsement, as it differs from what might have been, is simply more hearty.

Mr. Hearst is a radical today only in the employment of type and red ink. He is so truly conservative in political principle that his shoulder blades are out of plumb as regards his heels. He is under obligations to his hired retinue of flatterers and shouters who have so far succeeded in keeping him from falling over backward. In California, Hearst is, or has been from convenient time to time, in alliance with the Southern Pacific railroad clique. For awhile he had every good word to say for Heney, but Heney was so ambitious that he sought to send the men "higher up" to jail. Hearst turned and thereafter it was the business of the California hired men to search the alleys for words of villification. Heney, it will be remembered, was shot as was Gaynor. More recently Hearst has attacked Roosevelt upon the ground that he was disturbing business. The opportunity to lead the exposure of graft in Illinois also fell to Hearst. It was not welcomed or acted upon.

A Hearst-Harmon pact presents no points of incongruity. Grease will mix with oil. Between railroad politician and railroad attorney there is something quite akin to affection. Should Harmon obtain the Democratic nomination for President, what more fitting than that he should reward his comrade, Hearst, with acceptable honors—say the job of verbally stilletoing Gaynor and the Gaynorites.

FITTED TO THE CONGREGATION.

At the reopening last Sunday of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, New York, the pastor said:

The old family religious newspaper is now becoming—God save the mark—a semi-political magazine. Great editors are chosen at enormous salaries without regard to their religious qualifications, but merely to their literary or political prominence. Special trains are run across the country, a corps of press agents taken along, and a general political and newspaper advertising campaign made out of it, at the instigation and expense of what is supposed to be a religious paper.

Sir, we would see Jesus. That's what a religious paper is supposed to show, not ex-presidents or aspiring politicians, and my great wonder is not that the paper did it, but that a supposedly Christian man would lend himself to booming such a paper, and incidentally himself, by such an exhibition. Let no one wonder if the boomerang comes home and Christian people turn from such methods and men.

The church wherein this was spoken stands in one of the richest streets in the world, where J. Pierpont Morgan, his son, and other immensely wealthy men live.

Possibly for this congregation alone would those words of an old writer be revised: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

TIRED OF TAWNEY.

James A. Tawney has been more than a skillful politician. His career in congress, eighteen continuous years, has been illuminated by hours in which he was a statesman—strong, resourceful, energetic and moved by a spirit of patriotism.

But Mr. Tawney has chosen to devote the undoubted strength which is his, the energy and the experience, to those citizens of the republic who are called the special interests. He has labored for them in Washington while he told the constituents at home that his heart was with the people. He was a captain in the formation of the rules of the house of representatives which gave Joseph Cannon supreme power over legislation and legislators. He was one of those who shot the Payne-Aldrich bill full of immoralities and has been one who has tried to make the "Jokers" in this same instrument appear as benefits for the many.

The indications are, at this writing, that Mr. Tawney has been defeated in the primaries. His occasional inspiration of patriotism, his moments when the public duty was all to him and the interests of railroads, trusts, high financiers and high tariff gluttons were nothing to him, have not availed to save him. The morning dispatches said: "Mr. Tawney has gone to bed." Politically also.

"A woman of 60 swam five miles in the Mississippi at St. Louis during the heaviest rainstorm of the season." And she didn't carry an umbrella.

Varieties

France has 266 state-owned museums.

Postoffices were first established in 1464.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1837.

Argentine's cattle herd numbers 70,000,000.

More babies are born in June than any other month.

Cuba leads us as an exporter of manufactured tobacco.

As recently as 1837 forgery was punishable by death in England.

Subterranean springs are undermining the leaning tower of Pisa.

About 32,000 persons die of old age in England and Wales annually.

The motorcycle is growing in public favor in some parts of England.

Forty-three per cent of the families of Vienna live in a single room each.

Radium gives a violet tinge to glass and porcelain and turns white paper yellow.

In Belfast the ratio of street car fatalities to passengers is only one in 21,173,795.

A deposit of almost pure tantalum ore has been discovered in the Ural mountains.

Sheep seem to be able to subsist on the poorest land of South America's furthest extremity.

The Cunard line collects subsidies to the amount of $825,000 from the British government.

Java's principal productions are sugar (150 factories), tobacco, tea and copra (very large).

In Persia there are no distilleries nor breweries, and native wine is the only intoxicating beverage used.

Swedish school children, under the guidance of their teachers, annually plant about 60,000,000 trees.

Ninety per cent of the material from which whisk brooms are made in the United States is grown in Kansas.

Coal is so scarce in Siam that gas is not used for illumination and the only city using electricity is Bangkok.

A two-piece mold by which poultrymen may make their own nest eggs from clay has been patented by an Arkansan.

A very expensive effort was made by Spanish capitalists about 40 years ago to popularize bull fighting in London.

Among the 800,000 inhabitants of Jamaica there are 100,000 who live on an average income of about 12 cents a day.

The hymn, Abide with Me, has been translated into Yiddish and Esperanto, and both of the translators are Baltimoreans.

A French automobile builder has demonstrated that tires made of compressed leather will work successfully, even on rough roads.

A new system of electric signaling for mines, to give an alarm in case of fire or other mishap, operated by a hand driven generator, has been perfected.

Of white individuals at least 10 years old in the general population of the United States in 1900 80.5 per cent were native born and 19.5 per cent foreign.

It costs about $5,000 to build one of the United States navy's newest torpedoes, which are fitted with turbine motors and have a range of about three miles.

It is considered certain that within five years there will be a railway in Paraguay through to the Brazilian coast, over 600 miles east of Asuncion.

On January 1, 1910, Germany had 6,922 registered autos, an increase in one year of 7,500. American machines imported in 1909 numbered 636 out of 11,934 imported.

A seagull was seen struggling in the air near the River Taw. When it fell to the ground an oyster was closed on the bill of the bird. The seagull was suffocated.

Two of Brazil's waterfalls will be utilized to furnish power for a 400-mile electric railroad that will develop now inaccessible iron ore deposits of much wealth.

The use of bicycles is decreasing in Russia. One dealer said he had sold 200 in 1908, but only half that number in 1909. In Germany the demand for them is stationary.

The government has undertaken to solve the high cost of living in Vienna by making a grant of $250,000 a year for 10 years for the erection of dwellings of medium size.

An item in the export trade of Siam is birds' nests. During 1909 the amount exported was 17,781 pounds, valued at $109,848. In Hong-Kong the price of the nests is $15 to $25 a pound.

Vancouver, B. C., is buying American automobiles quite freely, 250 from January 1 to April 15 of this year, against only 35 to 40 in all of 1909. Few European cars are sold or used there.

To overcome the tendency of plants to grow in the direction of sunlight a Philadelphia college uses a slowly revolving table that exposes all sides of the plants which it holds equally toward the sun.

Although the London Radium Institute is to be opened in October the management has been unable to obtain the five and one-quarter grammes of radium which it needs for its therapeutic work.

French physicians are experimenting with injections of solutions of radium into the human body in an endeavor to cure deep seated diseases, especially those affecting glands that secrete internally.

Sometimes the London papers score a "beat," on their American contemporaries. Tit-Bits, telling a story about Uncle Joe Cannon, tells its readers that he is "the late speaker of the American congress."

Tests of the air in the halls of congress which were designed before ventilation became a science, have shown that the worst is found near the speaker's desk and the best near that of the vice president.

Canada's public debt on February 28, 1910, was $328,658,850 net, an increase of $20,600,000 in 12 months. The increase is small compared with the great railway work Canada is doing or aiding to be done.

New telegraph rates to go into effect next December in Italy (government ownership) are for an ordinary message sent anywhere in the kingdom, of 10 words for 11½ cents, 1 cent extra for each additional word.

Record herring catch for this season is 110,000, landed at Scarborough by the Golden Hope, Scotch herring fleet. The fishermen received four cents a thousand for the herrings, and took in about $400 for the night's fishing.

The rapid transit system of Leeds (operated by the city) is going to run freight street cars for the benefit of the public in those districts not now served at all or not served adequately by other railroads and transportation agencies.

The chief meat exporting countries are Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Canada and the United States, and the chief meat importing countries are United Kingdom, Germany and, in a less degree, the other European countries.

The president of the Prussian government district of Frankfurt has fixed the wages of ordinary day laborers in

WINCHESTER
HIGH POWER BIG GAME RIFLES

When you want to drive a ten penny nail you do not use a tack hammer. On the same theory, when you hunt big game, you shouldn't use a medium or low power rifle just because you happen to have one, but rely upon a long, strong-shooting rifle—one that hits a smashing, knock-down blow. Such rifles are the Winchester Model 1910, .401 Caliber Self-Loading Rifle; the Model 1907, .351 Caliber Self-Loading Rifle; the Model 1895, .30 Army, .35 and .405 Calibers; the Model 1894, .30 Winchester and .32 Winchester Special Calibers and the Model 1886, .33 Caliber, using high power smokeless powder cartridges with metal patched, soft pointed, bullets. These cartridges, with their high velocity and great energy, have tremendous killing power at the distances most big game is shot. The accuracy of these rifles and cartridges has been thoroughly established, and if you sight right the game is yours. Winchester rifles and Winchester cartridges---the Red W Brand---are made for all kinds of hunting and sold everywhere.

THEY SHOOT STRAIGHT AND STRONG

oledo Blade Patterns

patterns are practical and adapted to e dressmaker. Full directions how to how to make the garments will be sent ch pattern.
pattern will be mailed to any address 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in for each pattern ordered.
ure to give both the number and the of the pattern and the bust measure also. Pattern Department, The Blade, Ohio.

6712 Outing Blouse or Shirt Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

Costume for s and Small Women, and 18 years.

Tucked Semi. ress Dress for s and Small Women, and 18 years.

Combination der Garment, to 44 bust.

Girl's Dress with Bloomers, to 8 years.

Boy's Suit, 4 and 6 years.

6638 One-Piece Work Apron, Small 32 or 34, Medium 36 or 38, and Large 40 or 42 bust.

6643 Boy's Sailor Blouse Suit, 8 to 12 years.

6015 Work Apron, Small, Medium, Large.

6713 Eight Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

K'S PROPELLERS UNEVEN

e on Larboard Side and Only One on Starboard.

anoy City, Pa., Sept. 21.—Moses cot, living on Sixth street, has a duck that is exciting the attention poultry fanciers in this section. Unther water fowl of the web-foot ty, this particular duck has four fully formed and equipped for ser-

fortunately for the duck, the two feet are on the left side, and its is wondering what is likely to en when it takes to the water with ple-barreled motive power on the d side.
duck is one of a family hatched a hen six weeks ago, and is apily as healthy as its quacking ers and sisters.

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN GIVEN
FOR SELLING SOUVENIR POST CARDS
A genuine American movement Watch, beautiful designed case, fully Warranted timekeeper, also sparkling Set or Plain Ring, given for selling 20 packets high grade art Post Cards at 10c a packet. Easy to sell. When sold send us the $2.00 and we will positively send Watch, Ring and Chain.
SUPPLY CO., Dept. 188, CHICAGO.

HAS COMMON AMBITION

Sultan of Sulu Would Like to Live in White House.

Washington, Sept. 26.—Haji Jumalo Keram, the sultan of Sula, found President Taft too busily engaged with affairs of state to see him today, and an audience was arranged with the chief executive for Wednesday afternoon.

The sultan and his native advisers, escorted by Colonel Hugh L. Scott, U. S. A., visited the war department where they met Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army. Through an interpreter he chatted with General Wood over old times in the Philippines, after which he spent several hours in the war department meeting officers of the army, among them General Oliver, acting secretary of war, and General Bell, who is soon to go to the Philippines.

The sultan is captivated by "American palaces," as he calls the White House and departmental buildings. He told his interpreter that when he returned to his native country he would build himself an American house if it cost him all the money he had. When he passed the White House this morning he stopped to admire it and said in his native tongue:

"I would like to live in that house or one like that."

The sultan is much interested in agriculture, and intends to purchase some improved farming machinery to ship to his country. He will remain in Washington several days.

FLY IN THE SOUP STARTS ROW

One Man Is Stabbed 11 Times With a Fork—Fly Is Unhurt.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 26.—Trifles sometimes play a large part in human destinies. For instance, because a fly fell into a plate of boarding house soup yesterday three surgeons are in doubt as to whether Joseph Maper will survive 11 stab wounds inflicted with a fork.

Until the fly made his debut as a high diver it looked as if the boarders at Thomas Lusa's place would enjoy their Sunday dinner in their usual peaceful fashion. And at that the fly wasn't altogether to blame.

It fell gracefully into the soup of Thomas Baskan. If Thomas had been a humanitarian instead of a practical joker he would have rescued the fly and all would have been well. But instead he fished it out and dropped it carelessly into Joe Maper's soup.

Maper grew peevish and hurled soup, plate, fly, and all at Baskan, to the detriment of the latter's Sunday suit. Baskan came back with a fork, and Maper seized a knife. Lusa, the landlord, tried to separate the combatants and was cut on the hand with a knife. Thomas Hemmell, Maper's chum, butted in and was knocked out with a sugar bowl.

When the police arrived Baskan was pulling his fork out of the eleventh aperture he had created in the features of Mr. Maper. All four of the fighters were arrested, but later three of them were released on bail, while Maper was removed to a hospital.

After it had dried the soup off its wings the fly buzzed away in search of its fish course.

NO DIVORCE FOR KNOX BOY

Father Is Disturbed at "Cruel and Untrue" Rumors.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 26.—Secretary of State Knox is greatly disturbed at a persistent rumor that his son, Philander C. Knox, Jr., has gone to Reno, Nev., for the purpose of obtaining divorce. Young Knox was married a few months ago to a shop girl, but although his parents were indignant with him for a time they have recently became reconciled to their son and daughter-in-law.

"The story that Philander has gone to Reno or that he intends seeking a divorce in any state, is absolutely without foundation," said Secretary Knox yesterday. "The boy and his wife are together at my farm at Valley Forge and are enjoying themselves greatly in the country.

"They have been on the farm for several weeks. The subject of a divorce never has been mentioned, and these rumors are as cruel as they are untrue."

WIDOW OF SANKEY IS DEAD

Accompanied Husband and Dwight L. Moody on Tours.

New York, Sept. 26.—Mrs. Frances Victoria Sankey, widow of Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist, died early Sunday morning at her home in Brooklyn. She was 71 years old.

Mrs. Sankey was born in Harrisburg, Pa., and married Mr. Sankey in 1863. Although she usually accompanied her husband and the late Dwight L. Moody on their evangelistic tours, both in this country and abroad and was deeply interested in their work, she was never in the foreground with them.

CHORUS GIRL SHOT—MYSTERY

Receives Bullet Leaving Cafe, and Assailant Isn't Known.

New York, Sept. 26.—Mrs. Phyllis Philips, a pretty chorus girl, said to be the daughter of a St. Louis broker, was mysteriously shot in the grain early today as she was leaving an uptown cafe. Her condition is serious. Evelyn Leslie, an actress, and Alfred Henshaw, a waiter, are held as material witnesses, but the police have been unable to find the person who fired the shot, although they say the assailant is a woman.

SUDDENLY MADE A COUNTESS

Woman Recently Married Falls Heir to Title and Cash.

Pittsburg, Sept. 26.—From being Mrs. A. L. Yarling, wife of a wealthy broker in this city, to Countess Gabrielle Du Chesuage of Chateau Marlieu, Paris, is to be the lot of Mrs. Yarling.

Mrs. Yarling, a bride of only six weeks, is a granddaughter of the countess. Her mother was an only daughter, but as the result of a marriage displeasing to the countess she left France, accompanied by her husband, and settled in New Mexico, where a few years later, the only child of the couple was left an orphan. She was educated from funds left in trust, but it was only in the past year that her identity was so fully established that it was agreed to make her heir to property valued at almost $10,000,000.

The formal papers will be signed and sealed by M. Jusserand, French ambassador at Washington, Friday.

MAN FLIES OVER ALPS

Aviator at Last Makes Most Reckless Air Voyage.

Domodossola, Italy, Sept. 23.—To George Chavez, the Peruvian aviator, belongs the honor of being the first to fly across the Alps.

The daring feat was accomplished today in an attempt to win the prize of $20,000 offered by the Italian aviation society of Hilan for a flight from Brig, Switzerland, to Milan.

Chavez, however, was unable to complete the trip, having sustained serious injuries when he alighted here. His machine was overturned and he was buried in the wreckage. Both his legs were broken.

Crowd Watches Descent.

As the airman was seen slowly descending a great crowd gathered. Slowly and gracefully he neared the surface, and was about 30 feet above the ground when a gust of wind caught and overturned the monoplane. It fell heavily, carrying the aviator with it. Chavez was pinned under the motor and painfully hurt. He had fainted on striking the ground and was bleeding profusely when released from the wreckage. The machine was ruined.

The American aviator, Mr. Weymann, also attempted the flight, leaving the tableland at Brig at 1:10 o'clock this afternoon. Later word was received here that he had descended after being in the air four minutes. At 3:43 Weymann set out on a second attempt.

The weather for the competition was excellent.

After negotiating Simplon Pass, Chavez followed the route over Gondo Gorge, one of the grandest and at the same time one of the most savage of the Alps. He reached here at 2:11 o'clock.

But for the mishapu in alighting, there is no doubt that he would have successfully continued to the goal, as the remainder of the course presents comparatively little difficulty.

WHIRLPOOL CLINGS TO BARREL

Therefore Leech Gives Up Trip Over Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 26.—"Bobby" Leech did not make a trip through the whirlpool rapids yesterday afternoon because his barrel boat was not recovered from the pool in time for him to make the trip.

Efforts were made yesterday morning to send the barrel out of the pool to Lewiston, but the currents of the maelstrom were unmindful of the fact that their help in this direction was needed and throughout the day they toyed with the red steel structure, while a big crowd looked on. It was 3:42 o'clock when the barrel was caught at Driftwood point, at the entrance to the pool on the Canadian side.

Then came a long, hard tow against the current around to Thompson's point, which place was reached between 5 and 6 o'clock. There "Reddy" Hill, of Niagara Falls, Ont., 24 years old, entered the strange craft, prepared to take a ride to Lewiston, the trip under ordinary circumstances being one of only a few minutes.

It took Hill several hours to drift down to where he was pulled out of the barrel, alive and unhurt.

LATIN REPUBLICS IN A ROW

Venezuela Calls Legates Away From Colombia.

Bogota, Colombia, Sept. 23.—There has been a rupture between Colombia and Venezuela. Yesterday the Venezuelan government telegraphed the members of the Venezuelan legation to leave Bogota and await instructions at Panama. The nature of the complications is not known here.

Great uneasiness has been caused by this turn of events. Up to last evening the foreign office had received no explanation of the matter, nor had the Venezuelan legation any information which would throw light on the situation.

DRINK MIXERS HEAR DIVINE

Bartenders' Convention at Bloomington Addressed by Evangelist.

Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 22.—Evangelist A. M. Bruner of this city, was the principal speaker before the state convention of the Illinois Association of Bartenders here yesterday. His request to be allowed to speak was granted unanimously, and he delivered a humorous address, closing with an invitation to each delegate to visit the Y. M. C. A. before leaving the city. Resolutions were adopted condemning the practice of allowing women in saloons. Rockford was chosen as the next meeting place and the following new officers elected: President, John J. Hackett, Springfield; vice president, F. O. Gilmore, Canton; secretary and treasurer, Joseph W. Rizzle, Staunton.

HASKELL IS ON TRIAL

Oklahoma Governor Said to Have Defrauded.

McAlester, Okla., Sept. 26.—The trial of Charles N. Haskell, governor of Oklahoma, in what are known as the Muskogee town lot cases, was called here today before federal Judge John A. Marshall of Salt Lake City, Utah.

United States District Attorney William J. Gregg, who is to be assisted by Attorney S. R. Rush, of Omaha, and D. T. Hainer of Tulsa, Okla., announced that the government was ready to proceed and urged that the work of selecting a jury begin at once.

In the indictment returned by a federal grand jury, Gov. Haskell and five business men of Muskogee are charged with "conspiracy to defraud the government" in the disposal of about 600 town sites.

How It Worked.

The sites were sold by the government in 1902 on behalf of the Creek Indians.

It is alleged that Gov. Haskell and others by falsely scheduling procured the lots illegally. Persons in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Texas and other states were registered without their knowledge or consent, it is alleged, as being entitled to buy the lots at one-half the appraised value, and when the deeds were made out, Haskell and his associates, it is alleged, bought them for nominal amounts. In this way, it is charged, the governor and the five other men were able to procure six hundred lots, whereas the government rules for the sale provided that not more than two lots should be sold to any one person.

CHINAMEN CUT OFF QUEUES

After Long Discussion About 200 Use Shears.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 26.—Nearly 200 Chinamen, including laundrymen and merchants, gathered in Boston's Chinatown yesterday to celebrate the feast of the full moon, one of the oldest religious festivals of their faith, and to decide whether or not the modern Americanized Chinaman should be minus his queue.

There was considerable discussion of the question, and at the close of the day's celebration more than 200 Chinamen cut off their long hair.

The movement was started by the Chinese Publicity association of New York some months ago, and at first caused widespread horror among resident Chinese. Then Prince Tsai-Tsaio visited this county, and he believed so thoroughly in the practical good of the suggestion that he cut off his own queue and returned to his native land without it.

This was a great step in favor of the new movement, and the progressive Chinamen who engineered it were not slow to take advantage of the fact. They sent out word that it would be a good suggestion to discuss the matter at the festival of the full moon, and it is believed that the suggestion was adopted all over the country.

CHINESE ROYALTY HERE

Prince Tsai Hsun and Retinue Pass Through in Special.

Chinese royalty and retinue were in Toledo for a short time Friday afternoon, the royal end of the party being Prince Tsai Hsun. The prince and his party, as guests of Charles M. Schwab, the steel king, of Pittsburg, traveled in a special train over the Lake Shore railroad, and they spent about 10 minutes at the Union station. They came direct from San Francisco and were en route to Niagara Falls and Bethlehem.

Prince Tsai Hsun is head of China's navy construction department and his visit may be followed by orders for the construction of several modern warships. He is accompanied to this country by Vice Admiral Sah Desah Chemping and a dozen naval captains, in addition to officers of the guard and servants.

The prince and party, escorted by Mr. Schwab, will visit the great steel plants at Bethlehem.

CENSUS REPORTS ON COTTON

Supply Put at 11,985,958 Bales in United States.

Washington, Sept. 26.—Census reports supply of cotton for the year ending Aug. 31, 1910, to be 11,985,958 running bales, made up as follows:

Stocks at beginning of year, 1,483,585; ginnings, 10,350,978 imports, 151,395 bales. The distribution is 6,339,028 bales exported, 4,707,127 consumed.

Stocks at close of year, 939,803 bales, of which 518,101 bales were held by manufacturers and 421,705 held elsewhere.

The number of active spindles was 28,349,067, of which 10,826,829 were in cotton-growing states and 17,522,238 in all other states

AMERICAN WOMEN FALL EASY VICTIMS TO PARIS MODISTES

Chicago, Sept. 26.—"American women are the easiest victims in the world when it comes to purchasing gowns abroad. They are the laughing stock of the Paris modistes, who sell them all kinds of freaks and bizarre effects.

"There is no such thing as style. A well dressed woman wears what becomes her, regardless of the passing vogue.

"Women spend too much on dress. A few gowns are worth a trunkful of shoddy freaks.

"American women want too many costumes. Women love to dress because they love to control and boss men. American women are learning. In a few years they will be the best dressed women in the world. The American woman has sense and her artistic taste is developing rapidly.

"A woman is a chump if she doesn't dress the best she can without being extravagant."

These are some of the views of Miss Lillian Russell, famous stage beauty and considered by many as one of the best dressed women in America, as expressed in an interview Saturday. In the course of her "talk" the celebrated diva answered the question, "Why do women love fine feathers?"

"Woman knows that if she can please a man she can rule him. She also knows that if he likes her looks," said Miss Russell, "it goes a long way toward pleasing him. See the point? Good clothes make the woman the real boss. Suffragets would go far toward advancing their cause if they would conduct a campaign of better clothes instead of some of the arguments that they now use."

RATES ARE SUSPENDED

Commission Serves Notice on Forty Roads.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Suspension of increased tariff schedules filed recently by 40 railroads, operating in the west and southwestern territory was ordered today by the interstate commerce commission, the date of operation being extended until January 5, 1911.

The commission ordered a full hearing on complaints against the proposed tariffs becoming effective, reserving announcement of the time and place for the hearing.

Among the railroads included in the suspension order are the Chicago & Alton, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Illinois Central, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago Great Western, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago, Milwaukee & Gary, the Clevelan, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis, the Chicago Terminal Transfer Railroad Co., the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern, the Hill Steamboat Line, the Michigan Central, the Louisville & Nashville, the Mobile & Ohio, the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, the Toledo, St. Louis & Western, the Wabash, the Chicago Southern, the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the Missouri Pacific, and others.

The commission ordered suspension of the rates for the reason that from a consideration of the character and amount of the advances it appeared that there is sufficient ground for claiming that the said advances are unlawful and that the rates established by the new schedules are unjust and unreasonable.

TAWNEY LOSES FIGHT

Right Hand of Cannon Defeated in Minnesota.

St. Paul, Sept. 21.—Congressman James Tawney, chairman of the "pork barrel" appropriation committee of the house, by grace of Uncle Joe Cannon, was defeated for renomination at the primaries yesterday.

F. E. Gaitside, a member of J. A. Tawney's campaign committee, this morning admitted the nomination of Sidney Anderson by a majority of 2,000 to 2,500. One hundred and fifty precincts out of 271 in the entire district give Anderson 6,521 and Tawney 5,037, a majority of 1,484 for Anderson.

With the weather favorable, the largest vote ever cast at a Minnesota primary election for congress, county officers and the state legislature was polled.

Interest centered in the congressional contests, because of the prominence of the men involved.

Several of the nine Minnesota congressmen had hard fights on their hands, their opponents in all but one instance being pronounced insurgents.

In the First, Fourth and Fifth districts the fight has been the hottest.

Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Francis J. Heney and other exponents took a hand in the fight against Tawney, who was opposed by Sidney Anderson, a young attorney.

CORONER'S JURY SAYS GUILTY

Crippen Held at Inquest to Be Wife's Murderer.

London, Sept. 26.—The coroner's jury today returned a verdict of wilful murder against Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, the American dentist, in connection with the finding in the Crippen Hilldrop Crescent residence last July of the mutilated body supposed to be that of Crippen's wife.

The verdict reached by the coroner's jury was to the effect that the mutilated body found buried in the cellar of the Crippen home was that of Cora Crippen, who had been wilfully murdered by Dr. Crippen. The verdict added that the cause of death was poisoning by hyoscin.

As to Miss Leneve's position, the coroner told the jurors that it was no duty of theirs to consider the question of accessory after the fact.

The jury remained out just one hour and on returning announced the verdict that the remains were those of Crippen's wife and that she was wilfully murdered by the American dentist.

TWO-CENT RATE IS UNLAWFUL

St. Paul, Sept. 21.—Filing his findings in the Minnesota commodity freight and two-cent passenger rate case today in the United States court, Special Master in Chancery Charles E. Otis held those rates to be unconstitutional and confiscatory.

This finding of Judge Otis, unless overruled by the higher courts, wipes out the rate making power of the state of Minnesota through the warehouse and railroad commission and has somewhat general effect in establishing federal rate supervision as against state rate supervision.

Cured At Home Of A 6-Year Cancer

Cedar Hill Cancer Treatment Cures Prominent Citizen of A Terrible Cancer in Little Over A Month, Without the Knife.

Mr. P. C. Crisilip, a well-known citizen of Connellsville, Pa., completely surprised at his own cure which he accomplished at home by the Cedar Hill Cancer Treatment, has made the following declaration:

"To all cancer sufferers of the world:—

"I was treated with the Cedar Hill's Sanitarium Home Treatment three years ago and I am now sound and well of the dread disease of cancer, with which I was afflicted about six years on the small of my back. I stood an operation and also used the X-ray treatment which did for me more harm than good, and money thrown away for nothing but suffering. The Cedar Hill Sanitarium Home Treatment cured me. In a few days I was back at my work in good health and enjoying the best of life again. Thank the good Lord and the Doctors of the Cedar Hill Sanitarium for the good they did for me, and can do for others, if they only will take the treatment which is offered them."

The Cedar Hill Sanitarium Treatment for Cancer is not a new, untried discovery, but a scientific system. Send your name and address today and learn how to treat yourself in the privacy of your own home without risk or danger. It may be the means of saving your life. Do it today.

The Cedar Hill Sanitarium is one of the finest sanitariums in the country for the treatment of cancer, tumors, goitre, and skin diseases. It is furnished throughout with all modern conveniences; every room electric-lighted; steam heat; hot and cold water and every home comfort. Those who wish may come and have the doctor's personal attention. However you can treat yourself just as well and satisfactorily right in your own home, the same as Mr. Crisilip did. Any bank or business firm in Lebanon will tell you of our splendid success and reliability.

If you suffer from cancer in any form, simply send your name and address today to The Cedar Hill Sanitarium, 155 North Broadway, Lebanon, Ohio. You will be surprised to learn how easily you can treat yourself at home without risk or danger and without the knife.

OPENS OLD SQUABBLE

Mrs. Storer Seeks to Prove Roosevelt Wrong.

Springfield, Mass., Sept. 23.—The Republican prints a letter from Mrs. Bellamy Storer, written in France, September 6, reviewing the controversy between the Storers and Mr. Roosevelt concerning the former president's alleged authorization of the former ambassador to Austria-Hungary to visit Pope Piux X. and ask him, as a personal favor, to make Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, a cardinal.

Letters written by the archbishop in 1903 and 1904, hitherto unpublished, are quoted by Mrs. Storer to show that at repeated interviews in the White House between the archbishop and the President, Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged that he had commissioned Mr. Storer to act as his personal envoy at the Vatican in behalf of the archbishop.

Confutes Teddy's Denial.

Mr. Roosevelt has hitherto publicly denied that Mr. Storer was ever authorized to represent him in this manner, and the Ireland letters now published by Mrs. Storer have the effect of making much sharper the issue of veracity between the Storers and the former president.

Mrs. Storer's letter to the Republican also seeks to prove, on the testimony of Archbishop Ireland, that President Roosevelt promised to make Storer United States ambassador either at Paris or London; and there is included still another letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Storer, just after the presidential election in 1896, in which Mr. Roosevelt asked Mr. Storer to see President-elect McKinley and urge him to appoint Mr. Roosevelt assistant secretary of the navy. This last letter seems to refute a recent assertion that Mr. Roosevelt never sought a public office except when he sought a presidential nomination in 1904.

BIG FLIGHT SOON ON

Thirteen to Attempt New York-Chicago Race.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—Chicago to New York by aeroplane!

The trip begins one week from next Saturday.

Thirteen skilled and fearless aviators will start from the Hawthorne race track Gothamwards. The first to complete the journey will win a prize of $25,000. Also he will fulfill a dream which would have been spurned as the height of absurdity five years ago, the miracle of a demi-god in decades past.

Entrants for the Race.

Entrants in the race are: Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, Charles F. Willard, Charles K. Hamilton, J. A. D. McCurdy, Joe Seymour, Tod Schriver, Philip W. Wilcox, O. P. Hellings, Eugene Ely, Dr. William Green, James Radley, J. C. Mars and Augustus S. Post.

Glenn H. Curtiss will come here for exhibition flights during the aero meet, but is not expected to compete in the race.

GIRL LONG A CAPTIVE

Tells Tale of Being Kidnaped by Dentist.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 23.—Dottie Barrows, 14, who says she was kidnaped at Houston, Tex., August 17, by an itinerant dentist aged 60, was found at Vincennes, Ind., yesterday, by her mother, Mrs. Eloise Barrows, who has spent $5,000 looking for the kidnaped daughter.

The story reads like fiction. According to the story told by the girl she went to the office of the dentist in Houston on the day of her kidnaping to have a tooth treated. She says the dentist drugged her on the pretense of putting pain killer in her tooth and that she was put under a strange spell. The dentist and girl traveled together for more than a year. The girl says he kept his wife and two children at one hotel in whatever town they happened to be in, while she was kept at another.

Three months ago the girl came to Evansville, she says, and stopped at the Wellington hotel. A week ago Miss Barrows wrote to her mother at Houston. The mother was then in Chicago in search of her lost daughter and the letter had to be forwarded.

As soon as Mrs. Barrows got the letter she came on to Evansville in company with her two sons, aged 11 and 9. Mrs. Barrows failed to find her daughter, but learned she was in Vincennes. She went to Vincennes and there found her daughter.

ATTACKS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Billy Sunday Scores Some Church Members.

Newcastle, Pa., Sept. 26.—Ministers and lax church members were scored yesterday by Evangelist Billy Sunday, who delivered three powerful sermons before crowds that taxed the capacity of the tabernacle.

Some religions were condemned. Spiritualism, Unitarianism and Christian Science being anathematized. The last was declared the greatest heresy of centuries.

"The idea," said Sunday, "of any sane person believing the things we see and feel are not real, but fragments of the imagination I believe what the Bible teaches. I believe God put it there for us to believe. There is not enough common honestry today.

"The horde of immigrants coming to our shores try to overturn our sabbath and church members are lax in coming to the rescue. The trouble is that half the church members have never really been converted, and that there are three kinds of preachers; one kind preaches to please his hearers; another kind preaches negative religion, and the last preaches the religion of Christ. These are the ones that count."

FINDS DAUGHTER IS A GYPSY

Boston Indian Locates Girl, Who Is a Queen.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 21.—After searching almost every state in the union over a period of a year and a half, Peter Gies, an Indian, of Boston, Mass., reputed to be wealthy, found his 16-year-old daughter today at Linhart, near East Pittsburg.

The girl was with a band of gypsies, and, having married the son of the chief, had been proclaimed queen of the band. Gies, upon greeting his daughter, found he was a grandfather and had been for 48 hours.

FRENCH WHEAT FALLS DOWN

Crop Runs Behind and It Will Be Imported.

Paris, Sept. 23.—The government crop estimate for the year, issued today is: Wheat 262,889,748 bushels against 355,573,052 bushels in 1909; rye 44,576,896 bushels against 51,773,994 last year.

Market experts figure that France will be compelled to import 82,350,000 bushels of wheat to meet the home deficiency.

THE BRESLIN
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
BROADWAY, CORNER OF TWENTY-NINTH STREET

Most convenient hotel to all Subways and Depots.
Rooms $1.50 per day and upwards with use of baths.
Rooms $2.50 per day and upwards with private bath.
Baggage delivered free from new Pennsylvania Depot.
Best Restaurant in New York City with Club Breakfast and the world famous
"CAFE ELYSEE"
NEW YORK

CLEVELAND SIXTH CITY

Baltimore Drops 2,000 Behind Ohio City.

Washington, Sept. 25.—Baltimore, which was the sixth city in the United States in point of population in 1900, has lost her position in the country's greatest cities, according to today's census statistics, and now becomes seventh city, having in the last 10 years been outstripped by Cleveland, which takes sixth place.

Baltimore's population is now 558,485 as compared with Cleveland's 560,663. The Maryland city grew 9.7 per cent, or in numbers 49,528 during the past 10 years, having had 508,957 in 1900. Cleveland, which had a population of 381,768 in 1900, grew 46.9 per cent. in the decade just ended.

Had Baltimore maintained its growth of the decade ending in 1900—17.2 per cent—she would have maintained her sixth position, which had been hers for the past 30 years.

The population of Savannah, Ga., is 65,064, an increase of 10,820, or 19.9 per cent as compared with 54,244 in 1900.

CAUSE OF 569 DEATHS

Infantile Paralysis Record for 1909 Is Shown.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24.—In the death registration area of the United States, comprising more than 55 per cent of the total population, there were, in 1909, 569 deaths from acute anterior poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, according to the census bureau's forthcoming bulletin on mortality statistics submitted to Census Director Durand by Dr. Cressy L. Wilbur, chief statistician for vital statistics.

It is reported that of the 569 deaths from infantile paralysis, 552 were of white and only 17 of colored persons. There was a somewhat greater presence of the disease among males than among females, and it appears to have been most prevalent during August, September and October.

Though no statistical segregation as a cause of death of infantile paralysis has been made heretofore the increasing importance of the disease and its wide prevalence throughout the country in the form of local epidemics, has, many believe, rendered a statement of the mortality important.

Hard to Separate Figures.

Like meningitis, which it somewhat resembles, it is difficult to obtain an exact separation of the deaths from a specific infectious disease, acute anterior poliomyelitis, from other infections of similar nature. Acute anterior poliomyelitis is described by the bulletin as an acute infectious disease chiefly affecting children in the first five years of life, and while not infrequently fatal is even of more serious consequence as the cause of more or less permanent paralysis and atrophy of muscles. Numerous outbreaks have occurred in this country, the most important of which were those in Vermont, in 1894, and in New York and Connecticut in 1907.

The list of deaths compiled for the registration area in 1909 was widely distributed, and indicated epidemics in many parts of the country. The census data relates only to the registration sources, and for the non-registration states the deaths are only those returned from the registration cities contained therein. In the list 16 deaths are credited to Ohio, one of them in Cleveland and two in Cincinnati. There were 16, too, in Michigan, one of them in Detroit.

Length of Illness Varied.

The duration of illness prior to death was reported only in 292 of the 569 cases. In 19 of these it was one year or more, one of which being reported as of 10, 14, 15, 18 and 20 years' duration. These may represent the result of old attacks or perhaps may include deaths from other forms of poliomyelitis. There were 40 cases of duration of illness in excess of one month, but less than a year, 21 of which were under two months. The great majority of the fatal cases returned were of very brief duration, 53, or 87 per cent, being of less than one month. Of these there were 20 stated to be one day. The average duration of all the fatal cases with duration of under one month was 7.2 days.

CABINET IS UNDER WAY

President's House Party Begins With Luncheon.

Washington, Sept. 26.—The first of the series of cabinet meetings that will mark the stay of President Taft in Washington this week was held today in the cabinet room of the executive offices. It had been just three months since the official family was last together.

Incidentally, the president's house party also began today, its formal opening being the luncheon scheduled for 1:30 p. m. Mr. Taft has been looking forward to the week with his cabinet for some time past. It was his own idea to give this impetus to the fall and winter work in all of the departments.

The cabinet days will be busy ones. A long program of subjects to be considered has been made up by the president and each day's sitting is expected to be a prolonged one. While the cabinet will meet each morning, the members will have their afternoons free, so that they may dispose of matters at the various departments. In a general way the cabinet discussions are to be on the subject of forthcoming judicial appointments by the president, foreign affairs, including the readjustment in progress in Nicaragua; reports, estimates and economy plans from the various departments; the inauguration of the postal savings banks, and the extension of the civil service to include assistant postmasters and permanent clerks in money order offices.

$61.50 WEEKLY INTRODUCING and selling A GASLIGHT BURNER FOR KEROSENE LAMPS. Beautiful light, no chimney, durable, lasts for years. Fast seller, no risk, $30 per cent. profit. Experience not necessary. SAMPLES FREE. Beware of imitations. No branch offices. Address LUTHER MFG. CO. Dpt. 102 Cincinnati, O.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 38 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Try if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314, R. B., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

HEIRS Wanted at once, 50,000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in free booklet 14. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburg, Pa.

FITS Epilepsy. Only cure. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. Ni-Ke Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp. Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

10 Washington post cards of government buildings and places of national interest for 10c. Catalogue free. W.T. Board Co., 1914 14th, Washington, D.C.

LADIES, when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

LOOK HERE—If you want something good, send name and address on postal. The C. P. Sherman Co., Toledo, Ohio.

FUTURE—I predict love, business success or trouble, birthdate & 25c. Prof. T. Rhaphel, Binghamton, N. Y.

SUICIDES LESS COMMON

Census Shows a Decrease in Rate.

Washington, Sept. 26.—In 1909, there were 2,854 homicides in that portion of the United States covered by death registry laws, and in the same area 8,402 deaths due to suicide. The figures are supplied by the census bureau's annual report on mortality and cover about 55 per cent of the population. There is an actual falling off of 149 in the number of homicides as compared with 1908, while there is a decrease of the rate of suicides compared with population.

Poison was the most commonly employed instrument of suicide, 2,464 cases being due to it. Fire arms with 2,395 cases were a close second as a means of self destruction, while hanging was responsible for 1,215 cases.

The report also supplies an enumeration of accidental deaths for 1909 as follows:

Railroad injuries, 6,659; drowning, 4,558; burns, 3,992; injuries at birth, 3,508; injuries by horses and horse vehicles, 2,152; street cars, 1,723; automobiles, 632; injuries in mines and quarries, 1,997; inhalation of poisonous gases, 1,837; other accidental poisonings, 1,779; accidental gun shot wounds, 944; heat and sun stroke, 816; cold and freezing, 251; lightning, 150.

OLDEST IRISHMAN IS DEAD

Thomas Kelly, of Lurganboy, Tyrone, Passes On.

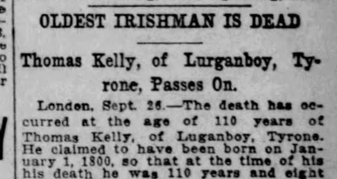
London, Sept. 26.—The death has occurred at the age of 110 years of Thomas Kelly, of Luganboy, Tyrone. He claimed to have been born on January 1, 1800, so that at the time of his his death he was 110 years and eight months old.

With the exception of his hearing, which became slightly defective during the last few years, all his faculties were unimpaired, and during his long life he never consulted a doctor, took any medicine or was known to be a day sick.

He was an early riser and a hard working farmer who ate the plain but wholesome food. He never smoked, but took an occasional glass of whisky.

Train the Bowels

Healthy bowels act freely and regularly. Constipation means that the bowels are sick. Sick bowels mean impure blood. The heart cannot pump pure blood through a system clogged by constipation. Train the bowels to act regularly and naturally with a treatment of nature's own remedy—pure extract of selected red clover blossoms.



HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

THIS is a time of combinations. The shop window displays of what to wear, tell of fall and winter. The weather speaks of fall and summer, and days come when a summer sun shines from an autumn sky. The summer sunshine, tempered by the autumn haze and spicy air, is very enticing and extends an invitation to come out and be shined on that is hard to resist.

In the fall, the glad days are fleeting and it is the time o' year to absorb all the fresh air and outdoor beauty that is possible, for the sake of storing away a stock of health and spirits, that shall enable us to do the best we can, in the way of pulling through the winter.

These are lovely days to be abroad in the land called country, though with me, the country is mostly a place of "let's pretend" because it has to be near to the city. I enjoyed a brief season of country life, near to the city one afternoon, not long ago. It was along the river, out Walbridge Park way, in the far end of the park where nature is practically allowed to take its course; where the trees are those of the natural forest; where there is a crooked trail of a path along the high shore of the river, and where there are little hills and dells, and short, thick-growing grass, untouched by the mower.

The hickory and oak trees were having some of their superfluous branches trimmed off the afternoon I was there, and the brush was being consumed in a bonfire. The smell of the smoke made me think of autumn. The heat from the glowing wood coals made me think of winter, and the bed of hot, white ashes made me think of roasting potatoes in their jackets, which you may have done when you were a child and played keep house or camping out in the back yard "down home." Having a picture like this to remember makes one sort o' happy and glad to be living.

I went to the end of the trail along the river and back again, more than once, just to make it seem longer. There was none other there playing pathfinder, and none to take notice when I sat down on the edge of a bridge, spanning a make-believe chasm. The place was still and remote, even if the main-traveled road was only a few rods in the background. The patch of forest was betweeen, so that the noise of the street cars and autos came distantly and not loudly enough to be disturbing.

In front ran the river. Its waters were busy going up stream that day, though they were going quite calmly. The wooded slopes of the opposite side of the river's banks told, by their color, that the autumn transformation was going on. The dull rose tint that preludes the crimson and yellow showed against the blue of the sky. The marshy islands in the river, around which spread the lottus fields, were tinged with the purple, yellow and white of the fall flowers, blooming on plants and bushes, all crowded together in a wild tangle.

The lotus fields, shorn of their glory, retained only the leaves turning brown and withered on their stems. Across the open water came skimming a bright green canoe, paddled by a girl in a bright pink gown. The sunlight glinted on her hair, making it gleam like gold. The pink girl in the green canoe gave the finishing touch to the picture.

All the out-of-doors I saw that afternoon was an autumn song without words. The locusts and tree-toads, or some of their kinfolks, were making all the noise they could. Somewhere, hidden in the trees, a catbird was talking to himself, and creating a disturbance. A perky little striped squirrel, not much bigger than a minute, popped his head up over the edge of the river bank, and sat there, rudely staring. For some time I did not move, lest he be frightened away. Presently, moving became a necessity, and, having moved, I found there was no need of such caution. He was not a timid squirrel, and evidently had no fear of a human; at least, he had no fear of me, and kept on rudely staring, in spite of the fact that I had made known I was not a fixture of the bridge.

Mr. Squirrel and I kept steady company and stared at each other for some time, until I spoke. The charm was broken. He whisked his tail and was off like a streak of lightning. For a few moments he was out of sight, but presently a stealthy rustling among the fallen leaves in the patch of forest told me that something alive was near by. Presently old Mr. Squirrel leaped from his hiding and began to show off.

He skipped and frisked and bounded and ran up and down trees, stopping his antics now and then, to turn beady eyes on me to see if I were watching and admiring. Presently he began to do a lively business in storing acorns. I think his display of thrift was only play-acting, for he never carried two acorns to the same place, but at all events, he was having a good time, and he was giving me a good time, too.

The good time was broken off by the passing of the men who had been trimming the trees, farther down the pathway. Their coming was the signal for the going of the squirrel, and I saw him no more. The green canoe and the pink girl, I saw no more, but in their stead, came a noisy, important-acting, little motor boat that went dashing through the water, cutting capers in straight lines and circles, until it stirred up sea enough to make a few toy breakers on the beach. Soon the boat went its way and disappeared. I was left alone with the sunshine and the landscape.

It was nearing the sunset hour. Summer's semblance vanished and things began to look wholly autumnal. A mist rose from the river. A chill came into the breeze, and the sun bade farewell to the day by turning the western sky line into a blaze of gold.

It was time to take the homeward way, and so I took it, and went back to the life and stir of the city.

This which I have written is recent news concerning the Walbridge park vicinity of the Maumee river. It has been written to remind you that the glad days of fall are fleeting, and it's the time o' year to absorb all the fresh air and outdoor beauty that is possible, for the sake of storing away a stock of health and spirits, that shall enable you to do the best you can in the way of pulling through the winter.

Well, here's hoping.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Cultivate that friendly feeling. It will do you good.

Smile wrinkles in your face are better than beauty patches—of any kind.

Many a foolish thing is said in earnest.

It is never too early to change your mind if what you are thinking is making you unhappy.

That forethought is better than hindsight we are taught to believe, but the knowledge that comes with hindsight is a valuable property when put into practice.

When anything is told in confidence it is well to remember that it was told to you "in confidence."

Forget to fritter your life away in thinking entirely about yourself. There are others who dwell upon this earth.

Guard against being set in your ways. The world moves fast and it is not pleasant to be lonesome.

Use your strength in adjusting yourself to changes; not in protesting against them. Many a time, new ways are better than the old.

Laugh with people, not at them. You know how it is yourself.

To depend entirely upon others for your happiness is to court unhappiness. To a great extent, it is within yourself that happiness lies.

What is the use of making yourself miserable by wanting things you cannot have, especially if the things you want are not necessary to your welfare.

A battle against self, fought and won, is the most glorious battling ever done.

Ugly thoughts mar your face as much as illness.

Many a one is making life a tragedy by worrying about trifling things.

Because the other fellow does not think as you do, is not always a sign that he is thinking wrong.

It is far better to say "I hope," than "I fear."

Soak up all the fresh air and sunshine that you can.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

Chutney of green tomatoes is a most delicious conserve—one that is by no means difficult to make. For each peck of tomatoes allow eight large onions; slice them all; sprinkle rather freely with salt, and let them stand for 24 hours. Next day strain off the liquor; put the vegetables into a large saucepan, sprinkling in with them a quarter of a pound of white mustard seeds, a quarter of a pound of ground mustard, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, and one ounce each of black pepper, cinnamon, allspice, colves, mace and ginger. Add enough vinegar to cover and heat gradually, almost up to boiling point, till the vegetables are tender. It is now ready to seal in wide-mouther bottles or jars.

TO KEEP FERNS GREEN

Ferns and other house plants are much more thrifty, and a deeper green in color, if cold tea is poured on them frequently.

FROM THE CHILDREN

Faye Neds, a little girl, 11 years of age, who lives in Oakwood, Ohio, sends the following story for the children. It is entitled:

OLD DOG BONES.

Bones was a little terrier dog not over a foot high. He belonged to the station master at the little town of C—. Bones was all black except for a little spot right in the middle of his head.

He was a very bright dog and the trainmen were very fond of him. He often took long train rides in the day time, but he was always at his home station at dusk. One day, instead of going on one of his usual trips, he just went down to a wooden trestle and watched and watched.

That night, at about 11 o'clock, the time for the passenger train, the station master was attracted by an unusual noise at his door. After listening a moment he opened the door. There stood Bones. He was acting so strangely that the station master followed him. Down the freight yard and up the track went Bones. Behold, the trestle was on fire. The station master could hear the distant whistle of the train, but he hurried back to the station and was just in time to save the train. Some bad men who planed to rob the people, had set fire to the trestle to wreck the train. With the help of Bones the bad men were tracked to their hiding place and put in jail. The train company was so glad that the train and the people were saved that they give the station master enough money to keep Bones comfortable all the rest of his life.

NANCY AND RALPH OF TOLEDO.

Dear Blade Readers:—I am a little girl, ten years old. I weigh 79 pounds and I am four feet and ten inches tall, and have black eyes. I go to school in winter and I am in the fifth grade. Some of my friends and I went fishing the other night. We did not catch many fish, but we had a nice time.

I have for pets, two little black kittens and three dolls. The kittens' names are Tom and Tab and the dolls' names are, Edith, May and Jeannette. My papa is a merchant and I like to help him sometimes in the store. Well, I will leave room for some one else. Goodbye.—Verna Sparks, West Virginia.

Thank you, little girl, for the pretty flowers.—Elizabeth.

I am a girl 14 years old. I wrote once to The Blade and I saw it printed in the paper. I live near the school house. My teacher's name is Mrs. Olsen. She takes The Blade and I enjoy it very much. She lives close by us. I live eight miles from where the mail boat stops. I have two brothers and one sister dead. My oldest brother's name is Harry and my youngest's names is Louis. My father is a fisherman. My brother Harry is a waiter at the boarding house. He is 17 years old. My brother Louis is 10 years old. He goes to school with me. My father is 48 years old and my mother is 33. I was born in Alaska. In the year 1908 I went with my teacher to a place called Seldovia and stayed nine months. That was the first time I ever left home and I was very homesick, but I was glad when I returned. My grandfather and grandmother are alive and I have five aunts and a lot of cousins.

There are 26 children in school. There are 14 girls and 12 boys. My brother Harry has a nice big water dog which swims after ducks as soon as you shoot. His name is Rover. In the winter he pulls the sleigh. My brother has a little dog, too. His name is Teddy. He is all black. I have a big doll 25 inches tall. I have brown hair and brown eyes. If I see this in the paper I will write again.—Rosie Harris, Chignik, Alaska.

Dear Blade:—I am a boy sixteen years old. I have been a reader of the Household page for some time. I enjoy reading the letters very much. I live in the country, two miles from Harrodsburg. I have not seen any letters from this part of the country. I hope my letter will not land in the waste basket.—Ralph Walls, Mercer County, Kentucky.

I have been reading the children's letters and I thought I would write one, too. I am nine years old and I live in Antigo, Wisconsin. School is going to begin soon and I am glad. I have one sister, five years old. Her name is Edith. I have one brother eight years old, and his name is Clayton. They go to school, too. My pa has a ginseng garden. It looks very nice, but it will look much nicer next fall when the plants have red berries on them.—Myrtle Shufelt, Wisconsin.

Dear Blade:—I am a boy, 13 years old. My papa sold his farm and now I am working for Mr. T. Hoch, who is a Blade reader for many years. Since I have stayed here I have read the Cozy Corner. I have stayed with him for three months. I was anxious to write and Mr. Hoch told me to see if The Cozy Corner would put it in print. I have two brothers younger than I am. I could write more, but I am afraid this is too much for the first time. I will sign my full name. —Harvey S. Harner, Weisample, Pennsylvania.

POETS' CORNER

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE

By James Whitcomb Riley.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all 'lone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes.
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme,
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow vine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Floats out of my tobacco as the genius from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
And we used to talk together of the future we had planned,
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But to write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot.
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine.
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

And I should be her lover forever and a day
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They should not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah, my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

THE HAPPY MAN

Author Unknown.

How happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's ways
And measured out his span, to his God in prayer and praise;
His God and his Bible, are all that he desires;
To holiness of heart and life he constantly aspires;
In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a friend,
Who never will forsake him, and on whom he can depend.

He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up a tribute to his God in prayer and praise;
And then unto his labor he cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing his God will hear his prayers.
Whatever he engages in, at home, or far abroad,
His object is to honor and glorify his God.

In sickness, pain and sorrow he never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ, the living vine.
When trouble presses heavily, he leans on Jesus' breast,
And in His precious promises he finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy, the burden always light;
They never make him weary while Canaan is in sight.

'Tis thus you have his history, through life from day to day;
Religion is no mystery, it is a beaten way;
And when upon his pillow he lays him down to die,
His soul in hope rejoices, for he knows his God is nigh;
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on wings of love,
Flies away to realms of glory, to dwell with Christ above.

And now his spirit's happy, for he's gained the holy land,
With a crown of glory on his head, and a palm in his hand;
With saints, priests and prophets he'll sweep the golden lyre,
And shout loud hallelujahs with all the heavenly choir;
He's happy, in eternity his joy will be complete,
With angels now he's bowing round his glorious Savior's feet.

PINING FOR THE OLD FIRESIDE

(Author Unknown.)

I long for a romp 'neath the old shade,
A stroll where the brook into bea played,
A skip and a dance o'er the verdant plo
And a quaint old song brings me joy again.
Away o'er the past my spirit doth glid
To a song and a smile by the old fire

CHORUS.

O bear me away o'er old ocean's tide
I'm pining for home and the old fireside
Pining, pining, pining for home and the old fireside.

I long for a roam in the woody dell,
A hunt for the rose and the sweet bell,
The sun's gorgeous dyes at the close day,
And a sweet childish dream on the new mown hay;
My old rustic home, my own cherished pride
Thinks there's nothing so dear as thy fireside.

I long for the lark's ever-gleeful flight
The bright transient sheen of the moonlight silver light;
I gaze at the billowy fields of grain
And I lisp to my spirit harp's low refrain
"O'er life's stormy sea my thoughts calmly ride,
The dear circle to join by the old fireside."

I long with the loved ones again to be there,
To build in the firelight those castles in air,
To see but again that once happy throng
For my heart's all aweary awaiting long.
O bear me away o'er old ocean's tide;
I'm pining for home and the old fireside.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT

By William Cowper.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn,
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though slaves they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still, in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same.

Why did all-creating nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne, the sky?
Ask Him if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means that duty urges
Agents of His will to use?

Hark—He answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder seas with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—NO!

By our blood, in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing, in your barks, the main;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All, sustained by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger
Than the color of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings
Ere you proudly question ours.

POEMS REQUESTED

Who knows the remainder of th
In schooldays we were sweethearts
She was her father's pride.

A subscriber will be greatly obli
if some one will send the old song
which a few lines are:
When Blucher led the Russians in
It almost broke Napoleon's heart.

The words and the author's name
the song entitled She is the Sunshine
Paradise Alley are wanted.

A song asked for is Marguerite.
is a line: "I wandered down by the
tle babbling brook; its every rip
speaks of thee.

This song is asked for: O wash
Lord, without, within; purge me w
fire if that must be.

A poem wanted is Three Wishes.
following is a part: "I ask for po
that 'neath my sway nations
tremble and obey."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for:
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

HE LIKES US

Dear Friends—If you will permit me to enter your Cozy Corner, I will try to be good and cheerful. I have been reading this paper for about six years and think there is no better paper than The Blade. I read the Cozy Corner chats each week, and I like them very much.

In reading the letters, I see that some of the writers complain that their lot is not so good as they would like. My friends, do not complain, but remember rather that the sun shines brighter after the clouds have passed away. You will remember in the Good Book, that the ones that the Lord loveth he chasteneth. So let us always look on the bright side of life; present a smiling face to our neighbors; and give a word of good cheer. —Dooley the Scribbler, West Virginia.

SOME "THINKS"

Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—You have not known me before this, so let's shake hands now but we will not shake hands as though I was taking a chicken off the roost. It must be the old-fashioned kind of a hand-shake. I want you to appreciate how I appreciate the "picters" that you hang in the Cozy Corner, and the mottoes between. Now the motto that I would call your attention to, may have been hung up in the past. If this be true, let's call attention to it once again.

All you home folks that will say: "Here's believing in everybody," please stand up. I think I see you all lining up. Well, that is good. O no, I see a few shake-and-noddy heads that sit still back there. I like to be a humble servant once in awhile. "Humble," did you hear me say? Then bein' as I am humble, I'll own up that I sat back there once. I said, "I will not let anyone do me anymore. I will not believe in anybody anymore." Well, then, I started to thinking, and here are my "thinks." I said to myself, "I want to be philosophical." Don't you say "philos-o-fickle," but pronounce it so it means a good thinker. It is said, if you pretend you are "something," long enough, that you will be "it" after a while. I went to pretending that I was a philosopher and I said, "bein' as I am one, I must not let anyone knock me out. It's bad enough to be knocked out when a fellow is a prize fighter, but how about being knocked out of the higher life?"

Well, my Big Boy came in and said that he did not have any faith in anybody, "no more." My Big Boy is my husband.

To Big Boy, I said, "so-and-so, perhaps is not worth making yourself miserable over."

After he had gone to his place of business, I set me to thinking again, and here are "thinks" number 2:

"Black man knows black man, white man knows white man; yellow man knows yellow man; there is a kindred feeling. Now, if there is a speck of good in me, why I can find a speck of good in the other fellow."

Of course, I could see quite a bit of honesty in myself and I set out to be honest toward that "so-and-so" that Big Boy had mentioned. I found out after a few days of investigation on the quiet, that he had more good traits than I, at first, wanted to believe. I told myself: "He isn't any blood or law relation to either of us." However, I found myself "letting on" that I had been converted—perhaps I had been—"Big Boy and I shall have to call him our brother," I said. As I had found that he had many good traits, I was glad to call him a brother. It began to dawn on my poor, blind sense of intuitive sight, that every fellow could be found to have some good, if we would only see. What a light began to come into my narrow heart. It caused the walls of my heart, figuratively speaking, to move out, so I could let in more light. It seemed fine to have lots of light.

Well now, what do you say about this? It seems lighter back there in the Cozy Corner. Maybe, after all, you were standing up all the time.

Here's hoping, that Here's believing in everybody, is speaking.—Michigan Philosopher.

Right you are, sister. Call again. —Elizabeth.

ABOUT BREAD

Dear Readers of the C. C.: I wish some of you would tell me how to make soft, flaky, white yeast bread. I have made it exactly by the recipes on the boxes of yeast which I buy, and I have made it also by different recipes which I have seen in papers, but my bread is always dark, holey and rough. There certainly is something about it which I have not yet learned. I might say here that I hardly ever fail with salt-rising bread, and, as our doctor recommends it in sickness, it is well to know how it should be made. For the benefit of someone who may not know how this is done, I will tell my way: First, in the evening, when I am getting supper, I take a teacup half full of sieved meal; then I put in one-half teaspoonful of granulated sugar, a small pinch of salt and just a bit of soda on the end of a teaspoon. Too much soda reddens the meal and tends to kill it. When the water is warm enough to just nearly burn your finger, pour it over enough meal to make it a thin batter. Set in a warm place till it raises. If in winter, set by a fire and it will be at the top of the cup by morning; but if in summer it is till 11 o'clock rising. It depends on the temperature in regard to that. When you get good meal rising, you need not fret about the balance of the bread. As soon as meal is sufficiently light, I fill a half-gallon cup nearly half full of real warm water, add a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda but no sugar. I thicken with flour so that it will not drop off spoon, then add meal-raising. Set in a crock of warm water and in a very short time it is at the top of the cup. I have a pan of flour ready and take one pint of boiling water and scald a portion of the flour. This makes the bread moist. It is then up to your judgment as to how much warm water you use in mixing your bread. If you want large loaves, take more water. If small, of course not so much water is required. I work my bread only once, and when raised I bake in a moderate oven. I will feel very grateful if some one who knows will try to explain to me just how she manages to get good yeast bread, as I like it much better than the salt-rising.—Minnie B., West Virginia.

INQUIRY

One of our friends wants a receipe for Mexican Chille.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

To remove mildew from white goods, six soft soap with powdered starch two parts, salt one part, and the juice of a lemon, to a paste. Spread it on both sides of the material, and let it lie on the grass until the stain comes out.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. Alice Dunbar:—I was glad to hear from you again, and we shall all appreciate Alaskan letters from your brother. Tell him to come a-running.—Elizabeth.

How is it with you, girls? Busy times these days?

Some things you have to remember: Sign your real name to your letter; keep the good cheer work a-going in your letters and at home and abroad; keep up your subscription to The Blade —we are going to be better than ever— and write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope when you write to this page. This is all for today.—Elizabeth.

"Cheer up, it might be worse."

TO DYE LACE

Buy a tube of oil paint of the color which you want to dye your lace. Squeeze it into a cup of gasoline and stir until dissolved. Dip a small piece of lace into it and, if too deep a color, add gasoline until the correct shade is obtained. Then put all the lace in, take out, shake gently and dry in open air. Be sure that the gasoline is not used in a room in which there is a lamp, gas or fire.

For Young Children

After the beginning of the third year meat may be given once a day—scraped beef, beefsteak, lamb-chops (broiled, never fried), roast beef and lamb, and the white meat of chicken. Beef and lamb should never be overcooked, rather a trifle rare; chicken, however, should always be well cooked.

Milk. This must continue the standby. A quart a day is not too much. If not perfectly digested in its unmodified state, it may be prepared in the following way: To six ounces of milk add one ounce of cream and three ounces of water.

Eggs. One soft-boiled, coddled or poached egg may be given every other day, especially before the age of five years. Eggs are a very valuable form of food, and it is unfortunate to create in children a dislike for them, and this frequently happens when they are used every day for long periods.

Broths. These are valuable stimulating foods. They are made more nutritious by the addition of cream or milk and when thickened by arrowroot or corn-starch.

Cereals, always well cooked, may be eaten twice a day, morning and evening. Oatmeal,wh eat cereals, hominy, cornmeal mush, farina, etc., give opportunity for pleasant variation. Cream or rich milk, but little, if any, sugar should be eaten with these.

Candy, in small quantities, of undoubted purity, may sometimes take the place of dessert, or a lump or two of sugar may be allowed at the close of a meal, dinner preferably, even when a simple dessert has been included.—Jean Williams, D. D., in Woman's Home Companion.

Camp Meeting in Tennessee

BEGINNING the first of September, and lasting four weeks, the colored people meet at their old camp ground, near Silverdale, twelve miles from the city of Chattanooga. It is a great time for them, and they make plans for it, months before. Many camp there during the whole four weeks, in shacks and tents. A great many white people attend these meetings.

One Sunday morning, my husband and I drove out there. Services began at 11 o'clock, and we heard a very good sermon by a preacher from Ooltewah. His text was: "In My Father's house are many mansions." He handled the subject quite well, much better than we had expected. He was often interrupted by the congregation, with such expressions as these:

"Take yoh time an' tell it to 'em."
"Preach, brothah, preach."
"Listen, talk on son."
"Yessuh, yessuh, dat am de truf."

Then they would close their eyes and groan.

When the preacher wanted anyone to pray, he said, "Brother, take up the cross."

There were about 200 under the shed, and about 800 on the grounds, making in all about 1,000 negroes.

At noon, we drove to a nice spring. There we had lunch and rested in the shade of the large oaks, until two o'clock, when we drove back to the camp ground where they had memorial services for the brothers that had died during the year. The music was good. There were voices for all parts. They started in at different times, but all stopped at once. We liked to hear the negroes sing.

One, in his talk, said he had been present at that old camp ground every year for 33 years, except one, and that was during the yellow fever. There was order and they behaved nicely around the shed, but of course, there were some rough ones that stayed back, and were there just for a good time.

We left the camp ground at four o'clock, and they were singing and shouting and having a great rejoicing. It was a sight to see the teams, and there were many transfer wagons, drawn by four mules.—Mrs. Roy E. Kenaston, Tennessee.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

It is written: "This is a day of rest." There is no rest without peace, and to have peace and rest I must be peaceful.

MONDAY

To carry nothing but kindliness in my heart, to speak no words save those which are good, is part of my work today.

TUESDAY

I should be pleased to remember, from morning until night, that a smile is better than a frown any hour in the day.

WEDNESDAY

I like cheer-up things so well, why am I not a cheer-up thing myself?

THURSDAY

Always, though the clouds be dark, somewhere there is sunshine; sometime it will shine out on me—the sooner, if I help to push the clouds away.

FRIDAY

To hear no evil, to speak no evil, to think no evil, will help to keep evil from my door.

SATURDAY

As every week comes to its end, so does every trouble come to its end.

ELIZABETH.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I have been a reader of The Blade since 1898, when, as a boy of 9 years, I began to read the newspapers. I hope the few words which I write will be of assistance in furthering the aim of the M. G. R., although the subject, The Habit of Reading, may be a hackneyed one.

The printed page especially when in a book has wonderful possibilities in the way of adding to the breadth of one's life. Understanding and ideas may be gained at a much more rapid rate from printed matter than by any other means. These when used as material for reflection, became a large part of a life. By reading what is instructive and morally elevating, we raise ourselves to a higher plane of life. History, travel, science, are, philosophy, fiction and religion are all well represented in the boundless literature of the day and all are of material aid in making a life happier and more useful.

Many persons fail to take advantage of this great opportunity because they do not have the habit of reading. Books are now within the reach of most of us. Most of us who are adults have enough education to read profitably and the time wasted by non-readers would be sufficient for the perusal of 10 or 15 volumes a year at least. After reading and study become a pleasure it is generally possible to find time for getting over from 10 to 30 pages a day.

I think it is the absence of intellectual habit which makes so many persons grow old in mind as they almost always do when they cease to read systematically. Besides giving us a happier and richer life, knowledge will prepare us to welcome the opportunity, which, according to the old Aryan folk tale, always visits the home of every youth and maiden, and is generally turned away.

I will give two illustrations of how opportunity may be hospitably entertained: A young mother on a lonely Saskatchewan prairie, may be able, if she has kept up her student habits, to educate her children, who might be otherwise deprived of a good education; but if she is of energetic and cultivated type of mind, her children may be trained to be almost prodigies. Private education by loving and capable parents has been extremely successful and it would be more so, if there were more capable mothers. Dwellers in a sparsely settled country, prospering from bountiful crops, with much idle winter time on their hands, have great possibilities.

Another case which offers more than usual openings is that of the skilled laborers in large cities. Highly paid for short hours, and with large libraries at their command, they should be able to acquire the intelligence and sentiment which would enable them to do some constructive philanthropic work among their less fortunate brothers. One should not look for too great results; remember, rather, that it is the combined efforts of many patient workers which make great events, and that if each one gives his best, the results will be good.

Wishing to write on this subject, which I feel we can hardly emphasize too much, and hoping to vary the run of letters which have appeared in our column, I have rather hastily formed these paragraphs. If my theme is not interesting, it is because I lack the art to make it so, and at your bidding, I will try again. — A North Country Farmer, New York.

Dear G. M. R.'s—I am getting tired of looking on, and am going to interrupt. As picnic letters are in order, I thought perhaps I could join in, for I've been to a few. A few days ago twenty-six of us went in three wagons about seven miles to the river.

Of course the girls fixed lunches, but some of the boys brought fruit, and one young man who is a pretty good cook and housekeeper, brought some delicious home-made candy. We ate that and the fruit between meals. The boys enjoyed swimming, and the girls enjoyed wading. After eating all we wanted of the large dinner spread on the ground, we played drop the handkerchief, cat and rat, etc., and other games, and had several snap shots taken. Strange to say, there were no amusing accidents, such as usually happen on picnics.

I wonder if any of you remember about my grape vine swing. It hung out over the stream, and, girl-like, I wanted to swing. I hung on, while the rest of the girls swung me so that I went far out over the stream, but before I reached the bank the grape vine broke from its fastenings and let me down into the water. I was very frightened and pretty wet.

The young folks of this neighborhood have given a picnic once a year for three years. Some of them are teachers, scholars, or business men, so we always have our picnic during their vacations.

There is a fine cave in our neighborhood, and the next thing on the program is a picnic supper at that cave. The girls are to take raw eatables early in the afternoon, make the fires, prepare and cook the food, and the young men are invited to supper. After supper come the games and social talks. Come on, all you frolickers of the M. G. R. Join us in our fun!

A Mississippi Sunflower, I agree with you about the stories that are published in The Blade. The Lure of the Mask was grand, so were The Goose-Girl and Half a Rogue, by the same writer.

I fear that this is not very interesting, but I interrupted because I did not want you to forget.—Miss Ouri, of Missouri.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Take notice that we have added another line to our motto. It was suggested by Dr. C. C. Peters, of Flat Top, West Virginia, and speaking for the club, I say, "much obliged."—Elizabeth.

I hope this is a day when you are all well and happy.

Don't forget that we are all in the cheer up business. Pass it along. Be it.

A Hoosier Strawberry—You are requested by several members of the M. G. R. to tell all about the grove on the top of the tower, to send a picture of it, if possible, for reproduction on the Household page, and the entire poem. We hope you will be so inclined.—Elizabeth.

OUR FAIRY TALE

Jack Frost returned one autumn day from his vacation, determined to put in a very busy winter. He had been idling along for many months, having slid away from work early in the spring and making for the cool country way to the north where the fishing is good and there is nothing to bother one except the wind in the trees and perhaps a mosquito or two.

When Jack took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves one evening—for he does all his early work by night—there came to him a fairy from the country.

"Look here," said the fairy, "you know that I look out for the fields of corn out in my district. Now, we had a lot of wet weather at planting time and then there came hot winds when rain and cool weather would have been more to the point. So, you see, the corn is late and if you start up your business tonight you'll catch that corn before it is ready for you and ruin a lot of good farmers, who never did you any harm. Can't you put things off for say a week?"

Jack Frost liked to please the fairies, so he agreed to wait for a week. "But no longer," he said.

The week went by and again Jack Frost took off his jacket and prepared to do his duty. While he was sitting on his doorstep waiting for it to get dark a fairy came to him and said:

"Jack, I've had a terrible time looking after some children who have been sent into camp up on Beaver Lake. They were the most contrary kiddies you most ever saw, always getting into trouble, and it has kept me on the jump just saying the necks of them. I've got along all right so far, thank heaven, but if you start work tonight you may bring them all down with colds—and then where'll all my summer's work have gone to? Put the frost off for a week and maybe the grown-ups in charge of the camp will come to their senses and get the children away."

Jack sighed and put his coat on again. "I wish," he said, "you fairies would realize that a chap has to do some work to earn his living. I'll do it this time, but I don't want anyone asking me for a favor for a six months to come."

The week passed and this time Jack Frost was in fine trim for his labors. Then who should open the gate and walk up the gravel path as easy as you please but another fairy.

"Go away," shouted Jack. "If you want me to do something for you, you can walk right back through the gate and be sure to close it after you.

"Now, Jack," said the fairy, "that isn't like you to talk that way. It's trouble at all for you to grant it. You who lives down in the settlements. The other day a messenger boy came through the street carrying a lot of roses, and when he saw my little lame girl he gives her a rose, though he'd a had trouble with his boss if he'd been found out. Well, my little girl she takes the rose upstairs and finds an old broken pitcher and she put the rose in some water in it and put the pitcher out on the fire escape, and there she watches and tends to the rose all day long. I've never had her so happy before. If you'd put off the frost for three or four days the rose will wilt, but she will have had a lot of fun with it in the meantime, and maybe I'll find something else for her, poor thing. Won't you do that, Jack?"

"Go along with you," said Jack. "Of course I will."

And these are the reasons why the frost came very, very late that year.

AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Park Rapids, Minn.—"I was sick years while passing through the Change of Life and hardly able to get around. After using six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I gained pounds, am able to do my work and feel well."—Mrs. La Dou, Park Rapids, Minn.

Brookville, Ohio.—"I was irregular and extremely nervous. A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I became regular and my nerves much better."—Mrs. R. Kinnard, Brookville, Ohio.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of. Thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

E TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that I can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it will cost nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you feel, as you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home remedy which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Suppressed Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell you what this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and how grateful women become when they find themselves well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours; also the book. Write today, as you may not see this again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

HELP WANTED.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES WANTED—Write for list of examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. C, Rochester, N. Y.

RISKS LIFE VAINLY

Before Train to Save Old Man Friend.

Philadelphia, Sept. 23.—Though she risked her own life and was painfully injured, Miss Grace Hogstead, an 18-year-old girl, was unable to prevent Frank Schultz, an aged man, from being killed by a Philadelphia & Reading express train this morning at Lafayette, a small station below Conshohocken, Pa.

Schultz, who had been known to Miss Hogstead all her life, started across the tracks opposite the station when the express came around the curve, a quarter of a mile away. The girl leaped from the station platform, where she was waiting for a local train, and seized the coat of the old man. She was the fraction of a second too late. The cylinder of the engine hit Schultz on the head, killing him instantly.

Miss Hogstead, while severely injured by falling against the platform, will be all right in a few days. She is employed as a stenographer in this city.

WIFE'S SLAYER

Italian Follows Turks to America and Shoots.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 24.—Because Mohamed Ahmed was shot and killed on the postoffice steps the execution of Bagos Matsukian for which will be conducted by the federal government, the alleged crime having been committed on government property.

United States District Attorney Asa Parker obtained a warrant from the clerk of the United States district court in Boston today, and a United States officer later came to Lowell and took charge of Matsukian.

Mohamed Noory, the other victim of Matsukian's attack, was reported as comfortable today. Matsukian, an Armenian, shot Ahmed and Noory, Wednesday afternoon. Maskia, according to the police, admitted the shooting and explained that Ahmed had previously killed his wife during the Armenian persecution by the Turks in Asia Minor last year.

000 MEN MAY QUIT

Building Trades Face Record-Breaking Strike.

New York, Sept. 25.—The greatest labor crisis in New York city's history has started with a dispute between the bricklayers and employers. It will be on in full force by Tuesday, when a lockout declared by the bosses goes into operation. It is estimated that more than 150,000 men will be out of work.

A monster mass meeting of bricklayers was held Sunday in the Grand Central palace, when the whole situation was canvassed by the executive officers of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers' International Union of America.

The meeting was called by the international executive board at the request of the unions whose members have been "locked out," said President William J. Bowe. "We are interested in the fight ordered by the bosses, as we look upon the whole situation, and the fight leading up to it, before the formation of the unions of the greater part.

"There are only 14,000 bricklayers in New York city, those interested in the building operations declare their absence from the construction under way will throw out of employment 30,000 carpenters, 10,000 structural iron workers, 10,500 painters, 10,000 sheet metal workers, 10,000 plasterers, 3,000 marble setters and the thousands of others employed in the building trades.

LOMELY GIRL CAN WED

Explains New Hope for Unattractive Woman.

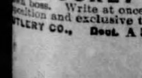
Chicago, Sept. 26.—"From now on under the matrimonial laws of the church, when one comes to us to be married and he is a non-Catholic, and refuses to take instructions in the Catholic faith, he cannot be married. If they threaten that they will be married by a justice of the peace or a minister, we tell them to go to the devil, as that is where they are headed. But if a girl comes to us and the girl is a Catholic, attractive, 25 or 26 years old, and one who, if it is her first and last chance, we will see that she obtains a dispensation to be married."

Thus spoke Father Hugh L. McMenamin, rector of the Immaculate Conception church today when explaining on the canonical laws of the Catholic church. "Should a girl have a church wedding," he continued, "and want to have music, I do not ask or insist upon some of my friends coming in and singing the 'Sweetest Story Ever Told,' or some other sentimental song. The regular form of a nuptial mass must be sung."

ROPE AND CAN'T LEAVE

Boston, Sept. 26.—William I. Joseph, a former president of Kansas City, Mo., accompanied by several members of his family and a servant had to make the trip from Glasgow to Boston in the steerage of the Steamer Persian because cabin accommodations could not be secured on any steamer for America from British ports before November. W. J. Holmes, a Kansas City merchant, who came in the first cabin of the Persian, declared that there were thousands of American tourists in Europe unable to get home because of their inability to secure passage within the next three or four weeks.

Pocket Knife FREE



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NO ACTION BY G. A. R.

Does Not Oppose Placing Southerner's Statue in National Capitol.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 24.—After a warm debate of more than three hours the national encampment of the G. A. R. at its final session on the steel pier yesterday afternoon, indefinitely postponed action on the whole matter in relation to the controversy over the placing of the statue of Robert E. Lee in Statuary hall of the capitol at Washington. The vote was 133 to 102, a small total compared with one vote of 887 cast for commander-in-chief yesterday.

The encampment rejected the proposition recommending that congress be asked to grant each union veteran of the Civil war a pension of $1 a day for life, but endorsed the McComber bill now in congress, relating to pensions of widows. It was recommended that the pensions for veterans 66 years of age be increased from $12 to $16 a month, seventy years of age be increased from $15 to $20 and 75 years of age from $20 to $25 a month.

Conservatives Win.

The conservative element controlled the encampment and won the day on the argument that the bitterness engendered by the Civil war was disappearing and that sectional hatred should not be revived; that action adverse to the Lee statue would do more harm than good, especially to the G. A. R., and last, but not least, that the state of Virginia, under the act of congress in 1864, had the right to place in Statuary hall the image of any man from the state whose memory it chose to perpetuate.

The matter came before the encampment through the presentation of a majority report by the committee on resolutions. This committee in a long session Thursday night considered a large number of resolutions on the subject and took up a resolution from the department of Indiana as the one that covered the whole controversy. This provided that congress be requested to remove the Lee statue from the national capitol.

Finally Rejected.

The committee, after argument and a close vote, rejected it. W. H. Ketcham, of Indiana, then notified Past Commander-in-Chief Torrance, of Minnesota, chairman of the committee, that he would present the Indiana resolution on the floor of the convention as a minority report, and Torrance and his followers prepared for a fight.

Ketcham endeavored to have the whole matter go over until next year, on the ground that a vote taken yesterday would not express the sentiments of the entire membership of the G. A. R. Torrance quickly agreed to this, but "the boys" on the floor had come prepared for a fight, wanted to have it out, and shouted down a motion to postpone.

The debate proceeded until darkness, when there was a loud demand for a vote. A motion was made that the whole subject be indefinitely postponed. A rising vote was taken and there was some doubt as to the result until the tellers announced that the vote was 133 to 102 in favor of the motion to postpone.

Following the debate, the encampment installed the newly elected officers. Before "taps" was sounded, bringing the convention to a close, Commander-in-Chief John E. Gilman, of Boston, announced the following appointments: Quartermaster general, Col. D. R. Stowitz, Post No. 9, New York; assistant quartermaster general and custodian of records, J. Henry Holcomb, Post No. 51, Pennsylvania; senior aide and chief of staff, William M. Olin, Post No. 26, Massachusetts.

The headquarters for the next year will be at the state house, Boston.

TO EXPOSE TRADUCERS

Ballinger Promises Search-Light on Enemies.

Denver, Sept. 21.—"When I get foot loose from public office, I intend to devote a part of my time to giving to the American people some idea of the purity of the lives of my traducers," said Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger this afternoon at a banquet given in his honor by the Denver chamber of commerce and the real estate exchange.

"The public is entitled to know the hidden springs of inspiration which gushes in torrents of 'uplift' patriotism from these self-appointed moralists, and I shall heartily enjoy using the 'searchlight' when the proper season comes."

The secretary asserted the efficiency of the interior department was never greater than today and continued:

"I have no apologies to make to the American people for any act during my public career, or in any private capacity. Standing securely upon my conscious rectitude, I defy all my critics and all my enemies, and with the deliberate purpose of fighting out the battle to the end I propose to administer the interior department within the constitution and the law as I conceive it to be under my oath of office.

"Perhaps unfortunately for me, but fortunately for the American people I have been the instrument through which the efforts of certain overzealous persons have been thwarted in an attempt to convert the public domain into a great national preserve and to destroy the opportunities of the west for the useful and just development of its resources. While I earnestly believe in the conservation of our natural resources I believe in the exercise of sanity in regard to this as well as every virtue."

WILL GO INTO POLITICS

Organizations Are Planning a Political Movement Involving 308,000 Men.

New York, Sept. 26.—Cleveland presently will become the center of a political movement representing the 308,000 members of the four great railway unions of the east, whose delegates voted unanimously yesterday to take concerted action in national and state politics.

This, the first step into politics of these great organizations, will be directed from the Ohio city by chiefs of the unions. It will take the direction of sending out a series of eight questions to state and national candidates, particularly to candidates for the state legislatures and house of representatives, asking for definitions of their attitude on the universal adoption of safety appliances and an employers' liability law—where such discussions already exist—company pensions for superannuated employes, hours of labor and other matters of like interest. The catechism will be directed by W. G. Lee, of Cleveland, president of the Brotherhood of Railway trainmen, and A. B. Garretson, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., president of the Order of Railway Conductors, and by them distributed to all executive officers of subordinate unions and locals.

Settle at Ballot Box.

"The proper place to settle questions affecting labor is at the ballot box," said Warren S. Stone, of Cleveland, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. "Whatever your political affiliations, do not let party lines blind you to your true interest, or prevent you from doing what you think right and best.

"See that the men you vote for stand for the right principles, regardless of party, and support those men who meet the requirements, and you will not only be doing the best thing for yourselves, but for the public.

"This is not a political move at all, as that term is generally understood, but a move to get away from the old lines of partisan politics."

There were 3,000 members and delegates at the meeting yesterday, representing the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen and the Order of Railway Conductors. They met by announcement to define their attitude toward the application of railways, now before the interstate commerce commission, for permission to increase rates, and as had been expected, they passed resolution favoring an increase.

It was decided that "this representative meeting of the railway brotherhoods request our chief executives to appear before the interstate commerce commission during the pending rate hearing * * * state our case and support the proposals to reasonably increase the existing rates."

GIVES HER TO "AFFINITY"

Husband Drags Wife by the Neck to a Neighbor's.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 26.—Following the receipt of an anonymous letter alleging that his young wife was too intimate with Ulris Thomason, Walter Henry seized Mrs. Henry by the arm and neck, after midnight, and dragged her several blocks to the home of her alleged affinity. Henry forced the young woman upon the porch of Thomason's house, and knocked until he attracted the latter's attention.

"I have brought my wife to you," said Henry. "You and she seem to be fond of each other, and you must take care of her. I don't want her any more."

Henry then went away, leaving the sobbing woman. Thomason, who is married, explained the situation to his wife and convinced her that his relations with Mrs. Henry were not improper. Mrs. Thomason then consented to take Mrs. Henry in for the night. Mrs. Henry will sue for divorce. Both Henry and Thomason are prominent.

RAW ECZEMA ON HANDS

"I had eczema on my hands for ten years. I had three good doctors but none of them did any good. I then used one box of Cuticura Ointment and three bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and was completely cured. My hands were raw all over, inside and out, and the eczema was spreading all over my body and limbs. Before I had used one bottle, together with the Cuticura Ointment, my sores were nearly healed over, and by the time I had used the third bottle, I was entirely well. To any one who has any skin or blood disease I would honestly advise them to fool with nothing else, but to get Cuticura and get well. My hands have never given me the least bit of trouble up to now.

"My daughter's hands this summer became perfectly raw with eczema. She could get nothing that would do them any good until she tried Cuticura. She used Cuticura Resolvent and Cuticura Ointment and in two weeks they were entirely cured. I have used Cuticura for other members of my family and it always proved successful. Mrs. M. E. Falin, Speers Ferry, Va., Oct. 19, 1909."

ASK PARDON FOR WALSH

Thousands of Letters Back Up Formal Application Which Is Filed.

Washington, Sept. 24.—A petition to the president of the United States for the pardon of John R. Walsh, the former president of the Chicago National bank from the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., was filed at the department of justice today by Attorney George T. Buckingham, of Chicago, on behalf of Mary L. Walsh, Richard Walsh and John W. Walsh, respectively the wife and sons of the prisoner.

Accompanying the formal application for a pardon of the aged banker and railroad man were thousands of letters from individuls in Chicago and throughout the middle west urging President Taft to grant the petition. The file of these letters comprised 25 bound volumes.

Besides letters from personal friends and business associates, there were letters from all the officers and directors of the Walsh banks which were involved in the case, letters from the bank's stockholders and depositors and jurors who found Walsh guilty of misappropriating funds of his banks.

He Is 73 Years Old.

In 1907 Mr. Walsh was found guilty of a violation of the United States banking laws, in having made excessive loans to railroads in which he was interested and in December, 1909, he was sentenced to five years in Leavenworth prison.

Walsh is 73 years old and the principal motive in the appeal to President Taft is based upon the prisoner's failing health. He is reported as suffering from acute heart disease and physicians affirm in the petition that he is likely to die at any moment.

SHOOTS GIRL AND IS KILLED

Swift Retribution Follows Act of Angry Southerner.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, Sept. 26.—Swift and unusual retribution overtook William Boston yesterday after he had shot and probably fatally wounded Miss Susan Losson, 29, at Cricket, a mining camp near here.

Pursued by friends of the wounded woman, who had jilted Boston, the man fled through a woods and attempted to board a moving train. Out of breath and made unsteady by fear, apparently, Boston fell under the wheels of the car and was ground to death.

Boston fired a load of shot into Miss Losson's body with an old shotgun, dropped the weapon and fled to the woods, closely followed by several men. The pursuers ranged through the trees and finally came to a railroad track, where they halted, believing that they had lost their quarry. While they were debating what to do, they saw Boston run from a clump of bushes and attempt to board a passing train.

MAN IS SAVED FROM FALLS

Niagara Officer Catches Would-Be Bridge Jumper.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Dressed in a pair of red tights, the coat of a pale blue, suit of silk pajamas and orange colored moccasins and leggins, Otto Williams, 24, of this city, climbed over the railing of the upper steel arch bridge yesterday afternoon, and, but for the heroism of Reservation Officer Martin would have jumped into the lower river.

Martin grabbed Williams' hand, and Williams struggled, but his 112 pounds were no match for Martin, who leaned over the railing and gradually pulled Williams back. For a time Williams was suspended in the air and had Martin's hands slipped, would have fallen in the river, 175 feet below.

"You prevented me from making a reputation for myself," Williams told the officer who rescued and arrested him.

FEARS CONSERVERS MAY HURT

Mining Congress Zealous for Mining and Oil Interests.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 26.—"Can the conservationists draft a law that will not work hardships upon the mining and oil interests of the West or in some measure at least arrest the development of the treasure fields of California, Nevada, Montana, Colorado and Arizona?

This is the question before the delegates who began the 1910 session of the American Mining congress in Temple auditorium today. Every one is awaiting the address of Gifford Pinchot tonight. Mr. Pinchot will talk on conservation as it relates to the oil industry particularly.

FLIES WITH ONE FOR $35,000

Aviator Resumes Paris-Brussels Flight After Delay.

Paris, Sept. 26.—Mahieu, the biplanist, who started yesterday with a passenger on a flight to Brussels for the Auto club's prize of $30,000 and the prize of $5,000 offered by the municipality of Paris, resumed his journey at 6:45 o'clock this morning. He was forced yesterday to descend in the Bois De Boulogne because of trouble with his engine.

Loridan, who also ascended yesterday in an effort to reach Brussels, met with misfortune. He got as far as Saint Quentin when his gasoline gave out and he was forced to descend.

R.I. "BLIND BOSS" DEAD

Brayton Long Leader in Politics of Little State.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 23.—Gen. Charles R. Brayton, the blind leader of the Rhode Island Republicans and the Rhode Island members of the National Republican committee, died here today.

General Brayton's death was due to complications resulting from an accident sustained August 29. The general fell while moving about his office, and broke his hip. Favorable progress was reported until a day or two ago, when the largest cities have no greater reputation than from that cause today.

The death of General Brayton removes from public life a man who for more than a generation has been the central figure of Rhode Island politics. He was generally known as the "blind boss," a term coupling an infirmity with his acknowledged political power. Often he had been bitterly attacked by political enemies and his domination, labelled by the Democratic party as "Braytonism," frequently had been a campaign issue, but both Democrats and Republicans speaking of the matter today, said that the general's position as leader was as strong up to the hour of the death as it ever had been.

Brayton was active throughout his life in politics, but his prominence was not in that field alone. He left Brown university to enlist in the civil war and served throughout the conflict, and at its close was brevetted brigadier general "for faithful and meritorious service."

When General Brayton was well advanced in the 40's he decided to study law. He completed a course at the age of 51 and was admitted to the bar. From 1874 to 1880 General Brayton was postmaster of Providence.

General Brayton's political strength lay in his ability to control the small towns. In the cities his power was so slight as to be really negligible. Under the laws of Rhode Island, each town and city has the same representation in the state senate, the smallest town electing one senator each year, while the largest cities have not greater representation in the senate. By keeping closely in touch with conditions in the towns and villages, the general was able to acquire the desired influence. He had been the Rhode Island member of the Republican national committee since 1904.

FRENCH STAGE TOO RISQUE

Guilbert Not Prudish and Has Sung Some Bold Things Herself.

Paris, Sept. 26.—Yvette Guilbert declares herself profoundly disgusted with the indecency of the French music hall stage and intimates that she has left it for good.

"I'm not prudish," she says, "but it's more than I can stand. It's true I have myself sung things extremely bold, even improper, but there was always a pretence of conventionalism and some sparkle of real wit about them. Only those who wished to understand them could do so.

"Now it is all different. There is no disguise of the bad meaning of current songs whatever, and vile words are flung about without the least compunction and are laughed at by the hardened habitues without shame."

Miss Guilbert is engaged in starting a school of popular songs, the influence of which, she hopes, will tend to correct the evil of which she complains.

PREACHER EJECTS ENEMY

Relies on Muscle to Oust Ex-Parishioner From Pew.

Salina, Kan., Sept. 26.—Because he objected to the presence of Walter Scott at his services in the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, the Rev. J. T. Bivans used violence in ejecting him.

Mr. Bivans formerly was the pastor of the Free Methodist church here, and Mr. Scott is said to have been instrumental in having him excommunicated following a trial in which the minister was charged with unchristian conduct.

Scott appeared at the services just as Sunday school was dismissed. He was first requested to leave chur Mrs. Bivans and upon his refusal Mr. Bivans made the same request. The preacher, assisted by E. W. Koder, took hold of Scott, lifted him from the seat and threw him out of the door. In the scuffle the preacher's shirt was torn partly off and Scott's coat was torn from him.

THIRTY-NINE KILLED

Special Inquest to be Begun at Bluffton Saturday to Fix Blame.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 22.—Thirty-nine is the total of the dead in the Fort Wayne-Bluffton interurban collision yesterday, so far as the check made today shows.

Officials of the company refuse to give their opinion as to where the responsibility lies, but unofficially the blame is fixed on the crew of the "special" train which was speeding south from Fort Wayne, empty. Report says that the crew, knowing the "local" was ten or more minutes late, took chances on making a siding, and failed.

A special session of the grand jury will be called in Bluffton Saturday for the purpose of determining thoroughly the responsibility for the disaster.

There still is some confusion as to the names of the dead. There are in the hospitals in Fort Wayne six injured. These are: Mrs. W. D. Burgan, Miss Margaret Tribolt and S. A. Parkhurst, of Bluffton; C. M. Brown, Warren, Ind.; B. F. Corkwell, motorman "special" train, and A. Ellensburger, Berne, Ind.

A Holiday Throng.

Nearly all of the dead were persons living in the vicinity of Bluffton. It was a holiday throng, bound for Fort Wayne to attend the state fair. The "local" was filled to the last seat, and there were several persons in the aisles or on the platforms.

The crash was without warning. Running at its highest speed, an empty "special" sped out from the woods on a curve and plunged into the "local," which also was running at high speed. There was no chance for either motormen to prevent the accident. The local was torn apart as one might burst a paper bag. It exploded, say witnesses. Of all in the car, probably 60 passengers, scarcely one escaped death or injury.

State Board Acts.

That the blame will be placed is made apparent by the action of the Indiana state board of railway commissioners. Within a very short time of the accident Commissioner A. A. Shane, who also is the special investigator for the board, had reached the scene of the wreck and had begun interrogation of traction officials and witnesses of the crash. Mr. Shane declined to make known the results of his investigation, saying that it would have to be given out by the state board.

This morning Superintendent of Transportation Frank I. Hardy sat, heart broken, in his office in Fort Wayne.

"In a very short time we will be able to make a statement," said he, "placing, so far as we can determine it, the blame for the terrible wreck.

Gathered at Undertakers.

"The extent of the accident appals us, yet we are doing everything in our power to care for the dead and injured and to alleviate the anguish of relatives of the victims. We have begun a careful scrutiny of train orders bearing on the case and on every bit of evidence which might tend to fix the blame. The public soon shall know where the responsibility lies."

Around the undertaking establishments in Bluffton and Fort Wayne and at the hospitals in this city this morning were gathered anxious or stricken men and women. For the most part the bodies have been claimed, but in some instances where mutilation made identification difficult or the victim was not actually related to any one in the district, there was delay and confusion.

SERVED 3 NATIONS—DEAD

Col. Plumacher Also Fought Leprosy in Venezuela.

Washington, Sept. 26.—Soldier, sailor, consul and philanthropist, Col. Eugene Herman Plumacher, who died at the residence of his son in this city yesterday had a most notable history. A German by birth, he had seen service in the Dutch navy; had commanded troops in the Swiss army and under General Grant he led northern troops into the heart of confederacy. At the close of the civil war Col. Plumacher became a professor at the Vanderbilt university in Nashville, and thereafter claimed Tennessee as his home.

During 32 years residence in Venezuela, Col. Plumacher passed through many vicissitudes, winding up his career there as consul general at Maracaibo, a post vacated by him last spring. He was endeared to the Venezuelan people by his noble work in behalf of the lepers.

When the resident physicians refused to touch the "unclean" Col. Plumacher established a hospital out of his own means and cured many.

"LITTLE DORRIT," 81, IS DEAD

London Woman Said to Have Been Original of Character.

London, Sept. 23.—A link with Charles Dickens has been severed by the death of Mrs. G. M. Hayman, one of the novelist's close personal friends. She was asserted by her family to have been the original Little Dorrit. She would have reached her 81st birthday next month.

Mrs. Hayman's father was a socilitor living in London, and was for years an intimate friend of Dickens. The novelist was a visitor at his house and took keen interest in all the members of the family.

Mrs. Hayman's brother, who died while still a lad, is asserted to have inspired another Dickens character, Tiny Tim.

The boy met with an accident while at play, being impaled on some railings, but he was a cheery little fellow in spite of the injury which made him a cripple.

ITALIANS ARE NOT ITALIANS

Of Men Lynched, One Was Naturalized, One Was Born Here.

Washington, Sept. 26.—Gov. Gilchrist, of Florida, has confirmed his first statement regarding the nationality of the two Italians who were lynched at Tampa on the night of September 17.

The department today received a telegram from the governor stating that one of the men was a naturalized citizen and the other a native, born in New Orleans. This information has been communicated to the Italian embassy at Manchester-by-the-Sea and it is expected that it will close the incident, there being no cause for complaint to this government.

ALPINE FLYER GETS $10,000

Half of Prize Is Awarded to George Chavez.

Milan, Sept. 26.—The aviation committee which had supervision over the aerial flight across the Alps has awarded $10,000, half the amount of the prize, to George Chavez, the Peruvian aviator, who was injured after covering the most dangerous part of the journey.

The condition of Chavez was reported satisfactory last night.

Six Times Brighter Than Gas

Costs Only ONE CENT for Six Hours

Here is absolutely the greatest lamp that human brain ever devised. It gives the brightest, purest, safest light ever discovered—at the same time burns **only one-third** as much oil as the ordinary lamp.

The People's Wonderful Mantle Lamp

For Kerosene or Coal Oil

This great new discovery gives the American farmer and small town resident a light that is 100 candle power strong—**six times brighter** than the light from ordinary lamps, gas or incandescent electric lights. And it's a white, steady, strong light that rests your eyes as no other artificial light ever did.

The People's Lamp costs only **one cent** for **six consecutive hours' burning.** Furthermore, it can **not** explode, will **not** smoke and does **not** smell. It saves the trouble of washing lamp chimneys and filling lamps so often, and keeps the ceiling, furniture and curtains free from lamp smoke.

And it's beautiful in appearance and simple to operate. It's made entirely of brass and is lighted like any ordinary lamp. There are no adjustments to make—nothing to watch. The mantle is rich with Thorium and Ramie fabric, and is far more durable and far more brilliant than any other mantle on the market.

How to Get YOUR Lamp FREE!

The regular retail price of these lamps is $5.00. Scores of farmers who have used them tell our agents that they would pay **double** this amount rather than to do without them. Every lamp we put out leads to the sale of many more in that neighborhood. And in order to introduce this lamp in **your** neighborhood, we are willing to make you our **special agent's price** of $2.50.

You don't need to solicit any orders or do any work of any kind. Merely show the lamp to your friends when they come in, and if they want one, take their order at the regular price of $5.00, send us $2.50 and keep the other $2.50. Thus **your** lamp will have cost you **absolutely nothing.**

If you prefer, you can send for two lamps right away instead of one. You can sell the extra lamp at once and will not have to bother sending in the order later.

Agents Flooded With Profits

Our agents are literally coining money on this great new lighting invention. Many are making as high as $25.00 a day. Others are making from $5.00 to $10.00 a day just in their spare time. In addition to offering agents **100 per cent** profit on every lamp they sell, we are giving **extra premiums** on orders for three or more lamps that net agents from $3.25 to $18.00 **extra cash** on every order.

Territory Going Like Hot Cakes!

Never has there been an easier selling article on the market than the People's Lamp. Every farmer—every small town resident—needs one and **wants one the minute he sees it work.** Scores of agents are being appointed every day, but we appoint only **one** in every locality.

Remember, **you get** the benefit of agents' prices by sending the coupon **now,** whether you order either one or two lamps. By selling one extra lamp yours really costs you nothing. With the lamp we will send you our special proposition to agents and tell you how **you** can become our regular agent if you desire. Send coupon **now,** as this offer is good for a short time **only.**

PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO., Dept. 116, KANSAS CITY, Mo.

FREE PLAN COUPON

Date.....

PEOPLE'S SUPPLY CO. (D)
Dept. 116, Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen: I wish to accept Offer No.— listed.

Offer No. 1—Enclose find my money order for two People's Lamps at special agent's price of $2.50 each—$5.00 in all. It is understood that I can sell one of these lamps at regular retail price of $5.00 so that MY lamp will cost me nothing.

Offer No. 2—Enclosed find my money order for one People's Lamp at agent's special price of $2.50. It is understood that you will send me another lamp at $2.50 if I can sell it at regular retail price of $5.00.

Name.....

Address.....

Shipping Station.....

Ship by..... Express

SIX DROWN WHEN SPEEDING AUTO SWERVES INTO CANAL

New Orleans, La., Sept. 24.—Six persons are believed to have been drowned when a large touring car, returning from West End, a lake resort, to New Orleans this morning, ran off the road, crashed through a fence and fell into a canal.

One of the bodies has been recovered and identified as that of John Freeman, of New York city. He was a traveling salesman for a New York perfumery manufacturing company and had been stopping at a local hotel for several days.

The car left West End shortly before daylight and is believed to have six or seven occupants. Waiters at West End said the car was driven by Thomas Boettler, an automobile dealer, former proprietor of the Oak hotel in New Orleans. He had two women and three or four men as his guests.

A workman passing along the shell road which connects New Orleans with West End, and which runs parallel with what is known as the New Basin canal said the car was running at such a high rate of speed that he could not see how many occupants it contained. A few seconds later he saw the car swerve and plunge into the canal. He ran toward the spot and made out the figure of one man who sank while attempting to swim ashore.

Apparatus belonging to a wrecking company was taken to the canal this morning. The car will be hoisted to the surface and divers sent down in an effort to recover the other bodies.

Up to 11 o'clock this morning three bodies had been recovered, those of Freeman, Boettler and an unidentified woman apparently about 25 years of age. The bodies were taken to the morgue but Freeman's was immediately claimed by friends and probably will be sent at once to New York.

WRECK KILLS SIX

Tipton, Ind., Sept. 24.—Six persons were killed and 12 injured in a collision between a south-bound freight car and the north-bound limited train on the Indiana Union Traction Co.'s line at noon today.

The cars came together on a curve. All the passengers in the smoking compartment of the limited were killed. The motorman and conductor on the freight car jumped and were not injured.

The injured were brought to Tipton, and physicians were summoned to attend them.

Like Kingsland Wreck.

The cars crashed together at the Ressler crossing, two miles north of Tipton, under circumstances almost identical with the tragic wreck near Kingsland.

A clump of trees hid the approaching cars, and they came together at a curve. The freight car plowed the front of the limited, demolishing the smoker.

The south-bound freight car overran the stopping place. The motorman had orders to wait at the first stop north of the crossing, it is said, but passed that point, thinking he could make another switch, and ran into the north-bound limited which was in charge of Joseph Baker, of Logansport, motorman, and Ed. Harrison, conductor, also of Logansport.

Dead in Front End.

"I guess we overran the orders," said Motorman Dan Lacey, when he had fully recovered from the shock caused by jumping from the car.

The light freight car telescoped the limited, converting the smoking apartment into splinters, and covering with blood the remainder of the car. Under the debris were found the dead, all of whom were in the front of the car. Farmers who saw the wreck sent the first word and automobiles took physicians from the city to the wreck.

Farm houses were opened for the reception of the injured and the bodies of the dead. Superintendent Surrat sent out extra cars with cots, and all of the dead and injured were brought here. None of the injured is fatally hurt. The conductor had stepped out of the smoker just in time to escape the crash. The seat behind him was reduced to splinters.

GOOD SPINE SURVIVES FALL

Boy Who Plunges 40 Feet Is Likely to Recover.

Pittsville, Pa., Sept. 21.—Joshua Wilkins, a 10-year-old boy, fell 40 feet off a chestnut tree at Agricultural park the other morning and broke his neck.

Notwithstanding this apparently fatal injury, it is believed he will live. Surgeons, who are puzzled over the case, declare that Wilkins has an abnormal spine.

WIVES WATCH DEADLY FUED

Two Georgians Kill Each Other in Revolver Fight.

Pelham, Ga., Sept. 22.—Stopping their the public road near here yesterday, Charles Tate and John Marchant, both prominent men of this county, fought a duel with pistols, both dropping dead after half a dozen shots had been fired.

The wives of the men sat beside them while the fight was in progress and saw their husbands kill each other.

TRAVELS FAR FOR OPERATION

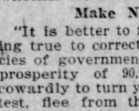
Post Wheeler, Ill With Appendicitis, Journeys From Russia.

Rochester, Minn., Sept. 26.—Post Wheeler, novelist, secretary of the American embassy at St. Petersburg, came all the way from Russia to be operated upon by the Mayo brothers for appendicitis. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Hallie Erminie Rives. Reports from the hospital are that the operation, performed last Wednesday, was successful and that Mr. Wheeler would be able to leave the institution within 10 days.

AIRMAN DIES, GUEST IS SAFE

Charlas, France, Sept. 26.—The aviator, Poilott, was killed Sunday while making a flight with a passenger. The latter escaped with slight injuries. The machine had reached a height of 90 feet, when a piece of canvas ripped out from the wing. The aeroplane fell backwards, turning completely over and burying the two men under the wreckage. Poilott's spine was broken.

AGENTS $25.00 DAILY.



$500.00 a week possible. Everybody wants one—delighted must have one. Braham Vacuum Cleaners are absolutely the best for the least money. Exclusive invention—no competition—territory free—sample to workers. If you want to become independently rich write at once. Vacuum Co. N 1500 Cincinnati, O.

STANDS BY TARIFF

Speaker Declares Payne Law Needs No Defense—It Raises the Money.

Danville, Ill., Sept. 21.—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, in accepting his twentieth nomination for congress today, said the present tariff needed no defense and declared agitation for its revision dangerous to the welfare of the country. He said in part:

"Gentlemen—In accepting this twentieth nomination for representative, I want to express my conviction that this is to be a campaign for the serious consideration of the one national policy which reaches every man in the country. That is the policy as to how we are to raise one billion dollars a year for the expenses of the various functions that have been put upon the federal treasury, not by one party or one section of the country, but by the whole people by their agitation for the development of agriculture, the regulation of railways, the inspection of mines, the improvement of rivers and harbors, the payment of pensions to the veterans of our wars, the maintenance of the army and navy, the care of national forests, the reclamation of arid lands, and the multiplicity of other demands that are made on the congress for appropriations and supported as a rule by a majority regardless of political divisions.

Talks About Economy.

"The minority in congress always indulges in talk about economy, but they vote for the largest appropriations. There are now in the various committees of the house of representatives bills, introduced by Democrats alone, which would call for appropriations amounting to nearly $700,000,000 more than was appropriated.

"I have no defense to make of the Payne law, for it needs none. It is the enactment of the pledges made by the Republican National convention in 1908. It is in keeping with the policy of protection which the Republican party has maintained as the correct revenue policy ever since the election of Abraham Lincoln; in fact, it is in harmony with the very first revenue legislation of the first congress under the administration of Washington. That policy is to protect the American producer from the unequal competition of the foreign producer, in order that we may keep our labor on a higher plane than is the labor og Europe, Asia, the islands of the sea."

$500,000 IN JEWELS SEIZED

Customs Officials Take Half Million From Near Smugglers.

Port of New York, Sept. 26.—The net results of the activity of the customs officials in searching passengers on the incoming steamers may now be definitely counted. According to the last statement of the surveyor of the Port of New York, $500,000 worth of jewels alone have been seized from would-be smugglers in the past two months.

A curious feature of the case is that considerably more than 50 per cent of these gems have been taken from women, and of these, fully one-half are still held. Within the past few days there has been a significant falling off in these seizures. Wireless reports of the vigilance of the inspectors have been sent to incoming steamers with the result that the declarations of passengers are made more complete. The government announces that the customs collected under the past year amounted to $327,000,000, which is more than $17,000,000 in excess of the previous year.

DUBUQUE GROWS BUT LITTLE

Population of Iowa Town Goes From 36,297 to 38,494.

Washington, Sept. 26.—Population statistics as enumerated in the thirteenth census were made public today by the census bureau for the following cities:

New Bedford, Mass., 96,652, an increase of 34,210 or 54.8 per cent over 62,442 in 1900.

Salem, Mass., 43,697, an increase of 7,741, or 21.5 per cent over 35,956 in 1900.

Taunton, Mass., 34,259, an increase of 3,223, or 10.4 per cent over 31,036 in 1900.

Dubuque, Ia., 38,494, an increase of 2,191, or 6.1 per cent over 36,297 in

ROOSEVELT WINS OUT

Ex-President Chosen Temporary Chairman of N. Y. Convention.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 27.—At the opening of the state convention here today Theodore Roosevelt won his fight against the so-called "old guard." He was elected temporary chairman over Vice President Sherman.

Chairman Woodruff called the convention to order at 12:05, and after the aisles had been cleared, which the one policeman available for the task found difficulty in doing, the convention took up the regular order of business. When the roll call had been completed Chairman Woodruff announced:

"The next order of business is the election of a temporary chairman."

There was an instant hush, then a ripple of uncertain applause after which Chairman Woodruff addressed the convention.

"The election of a temporary chairman of this convention is a crucial act and calls for the most careful consideration by every man who is about to vote on it," said Mr. Woodruff.

"President Taft deeply desired that his party here in convention assembled, representing the largest and most potent Republican constituency of the United States, should unequivocally endorse his administration. That I know from personal knowledge as the result of a visit made two weeks before the meeting of the state committee to the summer capital at Beverly. There he made known not only his desires, but also his apprehensions.

"To allay these apprehensions, what more natural than the selection to make the keynote speech as temporary chairman of him who has been sent to speak for the administration to all parts of the country, even into the President's own state of Ohio, the vice president of the United States, James E. Sherman?"

Mr. Woodruff then explained his surprise that Col. Roosevelt's name should have been seriously considered. He read correspondence between Mr. Roosevelt and himself.

The committee, Mr. Woodruff said, decided that Vice President Sherman's selection was made without deceit and misrepresentation.

There were cheers for the Vice President, and Joseph Hicks, of Nassau county, in a short speech nominated Col. Roosevelt for temporary chairman.

The convention broke into wild cheers and continuous applause, delegates waved their hats and clapped their hands while the banl played a fanfare.

Abraham Gruber, of New York, who had been selected to fire the broadsides of the Old Guard against Col. Roosevelt's selection, was recognized and made his way to the platform. Col. Gruber said, in part:

"Twelve years ago on this platform I warned a Republican convention against turning the White House into a shooting gallery. My advice was not heeded. Since that memorable day the man who has ever since been shooting has seen his party organization divided in every state, his party's candidate overwhelmingly defeated, business depressed, and the intelligent and honest workingmen, without employment and hungry. Looking for other fields for shooting practice, this man is now shooting at the courts and the judges. Himself posing as a lawyer who never had a case or drew a brief, he now finds sport in holding up the courts and judges to the scorn of the mob."

"A French king once said: 'I am the state.' No sane man may ever say 'I am the United States.' The lungs of the country are not its brains. Men who a few months ago believed now disbelieve; men who worshipped then, now execrate, and throughout the country the business men as such are facing panic, and as lovers of their rights and liberties, are fearing revolution."

DON'T LIKE ZANESVILLE

Mrs. Howard Christy Goes to New York.

Zanesville, Sept. 27.—When it became known yesterday that Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy, wife of the artist, had returned to her home in New York city, after a quarrel, friends of the couple abandoned all hope of reconciliation between them.

Last evening, through the driver of a Zanesville taxicab, it leaked out that Mrs. Christy had summoned him early Sunday morning. When he reached the Christy home she was standing at the gate, with no one to say good-bye. Her demeanor and the fact that she did not make use of the Christy machine strengthened the rumor that there had been another quarrel. She ordered the machine driven into town over unfrequented streets, and, heavily veiled, ate a hasty breakfast in the depot restaurant. She then boarded the eastbound train for New York.

Last night at the artist's home, it was admitted that Mrs. Christy had returned east. They would not comment upon her departure. Friends of the Christys admit that the couple are separated because Mrs. Christy refuses to live in the artist's pretty country home studio at Bonicas Flats. She wants New York, and freely admits that "Zanesville would bore her to death."

LOOKS LIKE 150,000 LOCKOUT

Cotton Mill Operatives Come to No Terms With Employers.

Manchester, England, Sept. 27.—A lockout of 150,000 operatives in the cotton mills appears unavoidable unless there is a marked change in the situation very soon.

The secretary of the Card-Room Amalgamation declared today that the employes would not accept arbitration on the terms imposed by the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has restored multitudes of weak and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3328 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

100,000 FLEE PLAGUE

Startling Ravages of Cholera Come to Light as Censorship Is Removed

Rome, Sept. 27.—With the removal of the censorship startling details of the cholera epidemic at Naples are being received. A number of persons have died in the streets and the popular excitement is such that the police have great difficulty in maintaining public order.

It is reported that 100,000 persons of the better classes already have fled from Naples. There were 32 new cases and 26 deaths from the cholera in Naples yesterday.

Travelers Taken Out.

Immigrants arriving today from America were forcibly prevented from landing. The passengers on the steamer Canopic, which reached Naples yesterday from Boston, were permitted to debark, but were immediately escorted to the railroad station by soldiers.

Most of the cases are in the most squalid quarters of the city, in Vivaria and Mercato districts.

The authorities, who long concealed the truth from the public and until the press made known the real situation, are now doing their utmost. Quarters for the isolation of the victims are being established on the Island of Nisida in the Bay of Naples, where the quarantine station is located.

The Duke and Duchess of Aosta have hurriedly returned to Naples and are organizing relief methods.

ALPINE FLYER IS DEAD

George Chavez Fails to Recover From Fall.

Domodossola, Italy, Sept. 27.—George Chavez, the Peruvian aviator, who was injured in alighting after his flight over the Alps Friday, died at 2:25 this afternoon.

Chavez, who was 23 years old, attracted attention first on August 3, when, at the Blackpool, England, aviation meet, he reached an altitude of 5,405 feet. On September 8, at Issy, France, he established a new altitude record, officially determined at 8,409 feet.

The accident which resulted in Chavez's death occurred September 23 on his second attempted flight from Brig, Switzerland, to Milan, Italy, for a prize of $20,000 offered by the Italian Aviation society, of Milan. He was descending at Domodossola and his machine was within 30 feet of the surface when one of the wings collapsed and the monoplane fell in a heap, carrying Chavez beneath it. Both of the aviator's legs were broken, his left thigh was fractured and it is supposed that he sustained internal injuries.

NEWSBOY SUCCEEDS AS SINGER

Landino Makes Hit as Tenor at Alhambra Theatre in London.

London, Sept. 27.—Landino, a former New York newsboy, made a distinct success as tenor singer at the Alhambra theatre in the program of the National Sunday League concert. The name on the bill was B. Nevada Landino. He sang the big tenor aria from Rigoletto with delicacy and operatic feeling.

Landino used to sell papers outside the Metropolitan opera house in New York. A patron and lover of music heard him singing one day and had him sent to Italy to study, with the result of development of a voice of good artistic quality.

WOMAN FIRES AT PATROLMAN

Bullets Penetrate Officer's Coat and Graze Side.

Ashtabula, Sept. 27.—A woman giving the name of Mrs. Lomberg is held here, charged with shooting at Patrolman John Rasey. One bullet passed through his coat and the other grazed his side. A man said to be Mrs. Lomberg's son is sought in connection with the shooting.

Mrs. Lomberg is said to have disputed the occupancy of a house she says she owns. She is reported to have been backing with a revolver her orders for the tenant to move when the patrolman entered.

DIES WITH DEAD IN ARMS

Undertaker Attacked by Heart Disease Preparing Body.

Cleveland, Sept. 27.—Carrying the corpse of a two-year-old girl in his arms, Charles L. Binder, 52 years old, an undertaker, dropped dead here yesterday as he was mounting the stairs in the child's home, preparatory to laying it out for burial.

The little girl had met death through drinking some carbolic acid out of a bottle which she had found in the bathroom where she was playing. She died on her way to hospital and was brought back home. Mr. Binder died from heart failure.

WOMEN AID IN POLICE FIGHT

Strike Sympathizers Hurl Missiles From Windows.

Berlin, Sept. 27.—The rioting by coal strikers in the Moabit precinct that began last night was continued at an early hour today.

Since the fighting began 138 police and civilians have been wounded and four of these are likely to die. A regiment is held in readiness to be used against the mob if necessary tonight.

The women took an active part against the police, throwing all sorts of missiles down upon them from windows and roofs. At daylight a police sergeant was found in an alley, where he had been beaten into insensibility.

WIFE KEPT HIM LOCKED UP

Aged Man Sues Wife Who Was His Jailer.

New York, Sept. 27.—Robert Benson Davis, a millionaire baking powder manufacturer of 330 Riverside drive, has brought a suit for divorce in California against Jennie W. Davis, alleging extreme cruelty in that she kept him confined against his will in his home.

As a result of the suit, disclosures have been made which show that the aged millionaire escaped from his residence with the aid of Miss Arthur, a nurse. It is said by friends of Mrs. Davis that it is the intention of the millionaire, providing he obtains his divorce, to make the young nurse his wife.

Mr. Davis, 77, is his wife's senior by nearly 30 years. He refused today to tell the name of the nurse who attended him, but denied that she is Miss Arthur.

HOBBLE SKIRT BREAKS A LEG

Wareham, Mass., Sept. 27.—Jonathan Willetts is confined to his home with a broken leg. A woman was walking in a hobble skirt along the main street here yesterday afternoon and passed Jonathan. After she had passed him he couldn't resist looking back for another time. He looked and the next moment stumbled over a rock and broke his leg.

"AROUND AGAIN."

DESIRED MORAL AGE

Vera Fitch, Ambitious Authoress, Tells Why She Sought Death.

New York, Sept. 26.—Miss Vera Fitch, in her first public interview, granted yesterday, stated that it was the hope of a reincarnation in a more moral age that prompted her to shoot herself on August 29 in the Hotel Astor. The tragedy has hitherto been shrouded in mystery. At first friends of the young authoress even denied her identity.

"I was sickened by the evil of the present time," she said. "The letters which unfortunately were made public gave but the merest hint of the anguish from which I suffered. I found that certain men were permitted to contaminate society. To prey upon young girls under the mask of aiding them—while at the same time enjoying a most estimable reputation.

"I dreamed of a better day when such men would be unknown, when the world would have one moral standard for both men and women. In the belief that I might live again in that purer time I tried to kill myself."

Miss Fitch is still in Flower hospital. She lay propped up on the pillows in a little room off the corridor. Outwardly she gave few tokens of her critical condition—of the fact that she had almost died after an operation. The surgeons failed to locate the bullet, but prevented death from blood poisoning.

Speaks to Deny Stories.

"It took me a long time to consent to this interview," said Miss Fitch. "It is only because of the many erroneous stories that have been printed about me that I decided to speak. Until a few days ago I was unable to read the papers. It was all wrong to make a mystery of my case."

"The letters you wrote to your mother, your sister and to a woman friend, addressed as 'Blanche,' and which were made public by the police, indicated that you sought suicide because you found a girl cannot get along honorably in New York," said a reporter.

The letters were read to her as printed. The one to her mother said: "It is really deplorable that a girl cannot get along honorably in New York. In some things I might have succeeded had I conceded to the wishes of men, cultured usually, moneyed usually, but minus morals. Death is preferable."

Calls Letters Garbled.

"I wish I had those letters to show how much they were garbled by the person who gave them to the press," said the girlish patient, with something like a shudder. "Now, let me tell just how it all happened.

"When I came to live in New York, about two years ago, I had the highest hopes of a literary career. It had been my ambition since a child to write books that might turn the minds of people toward better and purer things.

"I tried to find a publisher for some short stories I had written while a student at Darlington Seminary, at Westchester, Pa., during the earlier half of 1908, but was soon convinced that I had a great deal to learn before my writings would come up to a standard that would permit permanent success.

"In the meantime I had to make a living. My sister and her husband, Roy Conger, had been kind to me. They had asked me to live in their home. They offered financial aid. But it did not seem to me right that I should depend upon the goodness of relatives. I wanted to succeed through my own efforts.

"To the men I met in a social way I talked freely of my ambitions. At first I thought all of them took the keenest interest. Every one offered to aid me. All had a pleasant, hopeful word for me.

Girl's Ruin Plotted.

"But all too soon I found that some of those who purported to show the liveliest regard in my career were only plotting my ruin. I speak plainly, although it is with the keenest regret and only for the purpose of affording what may be both a guide and a warning to other girls who are even now beset by the same dangers.

"For example, one wealthy man told me it would be proper to accept a certain stipend from him in order that I might study and still further prepare myself for the work of an author. He sent me flowers. He invited me to go automobiling. Once he said: 'I do not use my motor car enough to keep it in good order. I would only be too glad if you would use it whenever you please. You need only call up the garage, and it will be sent to your home.'

"But I soon began to suspect this effusive admirer. One evening when he called me up on the telephone and asked me to take supper with him at a fashionable Broadway restaurant, I turned to a woman friend and said: 'I wish you would accept this man's invitation just for a test. Try to learn from him what he thinks of me, and what is the meaning of his persistence.'

"My friend took dinner with him and, after he had drank enough to put him off his guard, he said: 'Do you know, I planned tonight to catch that little girl friend of yours. Sometimes a man has to use lime for birds. What I intended to do was to put some dope in her glass.'"

SAY PREMIER MUST QUIT

Catholic Papers Predict End of Canalejas.

Madrid, Sept. 27.—The Catholic newspapers here are filled with stories of cabinet dissensions and freely predict that the manifestations to be held next Sunday will force Premier Canalejas to retire on the eve of the assembling of the cortes on October third.

They say further that Count Romanones, president of the chamber of deputies, will succeed Senor Canalejas. The latter's friends declare that these reports are part of the clerical campaign.

COULDN'T REMEMBER GOWNS

Woman Fails to Declare All to Customs Officials.

New York, Sept. 27.—Mrs. H. N. Slater, of Readville, Mass., said to be related to the prominent Slater family of New England and financially interested in a New York firm of the same name, was not permitted to take away her baggage when she arrived yesterday from Europe on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.

She declared 10 model gowns valued at $1,400 and additional personal effects worth $300, but the customs inspectors insisted on a complete appraisement of the contents of her nine pieces of baggage.

After the seizure Mrs. Slater said she could not remember how many gowns she had brought over. No charge was filed against here, but her declaration will be compared with the contents of her trunks.

AEROPLANE IS A SPEEDY ONE

Latham Goes 60 to 70 Miles an Hour in Air.

Paris, Sept. 27.—Hubert Latham today made a trial flight with his new 100-horsepower monoplane, which has been constructed for use at the international aviation meet at Belmont Park, Long Island.

The machine developed a speed of from 60 to 70 miles an hour without the full power of the motor having been utilized.

MAKES 100 MILES AN HOUR

Panhandle Train From Chicago in Fast Run to Catch Up Lost Time.

Logansport, Ind., Sept. 23.—Panhandle passenger train No. 12, arriving in this city from Chicago at 1 p. m. yesterday came from Kouts at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The train consisted of eight coaches. It left Chicago 27 minutes late and arrived here on time.

FILE PAPERS IN CHANLER CASE

New York, Sept. 27.—The intermediate step has been taken in the suit of Mrs. Julia Chamberlain Chanler against Robert Chanler and Lina Cavalieri Chanler to set aside the prenuptial agreement between Chanler and the singer.

The second stage of the proceedings began when both Chanler's lawyer and Cavalieri's lawyer yesterday filed notice of appearance and the complaint of Fred N. Watiss, lawyer for the first Mrs. Chanler. At the end of 20 days the answer will be filed. The case will be tried in the supreme court. Although the summons is directed against both Chanler and the singer, Cavalieri is in reality the main defendant, since she holds Chanler's property by the pre-nuptial agreement.

FORT WORTH GROWS 174,7

Washington, Sept. 22.—Population statistics of the 13th census were made public by the census bureau last night for the following cities:

Fort Worth, Tex., 73,312, an increase of 46,644, or 174.7 per cent, over 26,668 in 1900.

Galveston, Tex., 36,981, a decrease of 808, or 2.1 per cent, 37,789 in 1900.

San Antonio, Tex., 96,614, an increase of 43,292, or 81.2 per cent over 53,321 in 1900.

MEN NO CURE—NO PAY in words you only pay our small professional fee when CURED AND SATISFIED. If You Suffer with Stricture, Varicocele, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Diseases, Chronic Discharge, Nervous Debility, Losses, Hydrocele, Phimosis, Rupture, Piles, Fistula, IF YOU are on the "down grade," and lack the Energy, Vim, Vigor and Snap that goes to make you a Manly Man and life worth the living, call or write for Special Course of Medicine—not a "cure-all" nostrum, but several different medicines—as many as we find advisable—prescribed to meet the complications and special needs of your individual case. After a fair trial should the treatment fail to meet every expectation, it costs you nothing. Call or write today.
GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE, 835 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

HUNTS FOR REBATES

Attorney for Farmers' Band Asks Pointed Questions at Rate Hearing.

Chicago, Sept. 27.—Indirect charges that the railroads in the west were violating the Elkins anti-rebate law and were favoring certain shippers and charging the alleged rebates to "damage accounts" were made before the interstate commerce commission at today's session of the hearing into the advisability of allowing western railroads to make a general raise in freight rates.

Clifford Thorne, representing a live stock association, a manufacturer's league and a farmers' co-operative association, delivered the implication in questioning C. J. McPherson, assistant general manager of the Missouri Pacific railroad.

The colloquy began by Mr. Thorne's question:

"To what account were rebates charged prior to 1904?"

"I know nothing of rebates," replied the witness; "I do not know that rebates ever were given."

Gets "Don't Know" Answers.

"What I want to find out," persisted Mr. Thorne, "is this: Is it possible that rebates still are given as they were then and charged to damage accounts or similar accounts? I want to find out what the procedure was then, to see if it still is followed, and I invariably am met with the answer 'I don't know' from men whose very business is to know."

Attorney Jeffreys, representing the railroad, interposed with the query: "May I learn to what end you are aiming?"

"Certainly," retorted Mr. Thorne. "In your railroads' damage accounts, the same as in others, there has been a startling increase since 1904, with no satisfactory explanation. The Elkins bill was passed in 1903. I have more than hearsay advice that there is a connection between the damage accounts and rebates. I want to find out if rebates still are being given."

WILL STUDY OUT IN THE COLD

New Jersey Children to Have School on Hill Top.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 27.—Two hundred Montclair children will study and recite their lessons in an open air school on the coldest and windiest hilltop in this vicinity.

They will be protected from the weather by roomy sitting bags modeled after the sleeping bags of the Arctic. They will sit at their desks under a large tent, the sides of which will be open wide to every breeze.

Special dress will be provided for the children. They will wear woolen sweaters and woolen caps. On cold days blocks of heated soapstone will be put in the bottom of the sitting bags to keep the children's feet warm. An outer reefer and gloves complete the uniform. In the morning the pupils will receive hot milk and crackers.

WILL HEAD STATE UNIVERSITY

Ohio Man Is to Be Inaugurated in North Dakota.

Grand Fork, N. D., Sept. 27.—Today marks the beginning of the inauguration of Frank Lerond McVey, Ph. D., LL. D., as president of the University of North Dakota, established here. The festivities will continue until Friday night. Among those who will take an important part as speakers and guests of honor will be President Edmund J. James, University of Illinois; President Edwin C. Stark, Pennsylvania State college; President Guy Potter, Miami university; James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad Co., and Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific Railway Co.

President McVey was born in Wilmington, O., received his first college degree from Ohio Wesleyan, and earned his doctorate at Yale.

50-TON GUN BURST, NONE HURT

Crew Escapes in Accident on Battleship Georgia.

Washington, Sept. 23.—During target practice of the Atlantic fleet off the Virginia capes yesterday, one of the big twelve-inch, fifty ton guns of the battleship Georgia burst on the first range shot.

The muzzle as far back as the forward end of the jacket was blown off. The crew miraculously escaped injury.

HEARST AGREES TO AID

Doesn't Like Roosevelt, but May Support Him.

Paris, Sept. 27.—William Randolph Hearst, in an interview yesterday, asserted that he would support Theodore Roosevelt on a progressive platform.

"The progressives have come to constitute about three-fourths of the voting population of the United States," said Hearst. "They are determined to have representation and of course they will eventually have it. I still think that the best way to unite all progressives and insure the success of progressive principles is through a new party in which all old party antagonisms will be lost and forgotten. But until that new party is formed I shall support progressive principles wherever I find them."

"Do you mean, Mr. Hearst, that you would support Mr. Roosevelt upon a progressive platform?"

"Certainly. I would support Mr. Roosevelt upon a properly progressive platform, but, frankly, I would much prefer to support some other man in whose sincerity and stability I have more confidence. I approve of Mr. Taft's methods much more than I approve of Mr. Roosevelt's. Mr. Roosevelt's methods constitute a policy of windy disturbances. Mr. Taft's is a policy of quiet and effective performance.

"The big thieves are in much more danger from Mr. Taft than they are from Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt's reckless threats alarm business interests. Mr. Taft's dignified acts convince the guilty and leave the innocent unmolested."

NEEDN'T PAY FOR SELF

Widow, Who Was Bought, Freed From Debt.

Washington, Sept. 27.—Should a widow be compelled to pay a debt contracted by her husband when he bought her for his wife? That is a question the superintendent of the Skokomish Indians (Washington) was called upon recently to decide. This peculiar case, the only one of its kind that has ever come to the attention of Indian officials, was discovered by Assistant Commissioner Abbott, of the Indian office, during a recent inspection trip. The story of the adventure follows chronologically:

The Indian, when a very young man, bought his wife for something like $200.

To pay for her he borrowed the amount from his father.

When the husband died, about thirty years later he still owed a balance of $100.

Upon the death of the husband the father attempted to collect the balance of the debt from the woman, thus attempting to make the widow pay for herself.

The question was put to the superintendent when the father applied to him to force the woman to sell her land in order to pay a part of the purchase price of herself.

The question was decided in favor of the widow by the superintendent.

ASSISTANT POSTMASTERS HIT

President Will Put Them All Under Civil Service.

Washington, Sept. 27.—The first definite result of the present cabinet sessions in Washington was the announcement today that President Taft tomorrow will issue an executive order extending the civil service to include all assistant postmasters.

The President also will recommend to congress that second and third class postmasters be placed under civil service. This action is in line with Postmaster General Hitchcock's recommendations. By tomorrow's order some 8,000 assistant postmasters will be affected.

TO HAVE NEW CREDIT BUREAU

Comptroller Has Method to Safeguard Loans.

Washington, Sept. 27.—In order to prevent corporations, firms and individuals from borrowing to the extent of their credit in their own cities, then going elsewhere and the the same, Comptroller fo the Currency Murray has decided upon the establishment of a central credit bureau in Washington, which will record all such borrowing from national banks.

The credit bureau will be located in the office of the comptroller.

TO WRITE BOOK ABOUT RENO

Woman, Granted Divorce, Plans to Tell Her Experiences.

Reno, Nev., Sept. 27.—"I am going back to New York and write a book descriptive of Reno and its people, my experience during my six months' residence in the Nevada metropolis prior to securing my divorce and other interesting facts concerning Nevada and her divorce laws."

Thus spoke Mrs. William Fuller, daughter of George B. Sheldon, Republican national committee treasurer, just prior to her departure for the east last evening.

"While my divorce was somewhat expensive, perhaps more so than the majority of cases," she continued, "still I feel that it was money well spent and with value received."

PAY HONOR AT GETTYSBURG

Veterans See Memorial to Pennsylvania Troops Dedicated.

Gettysburg, Pa., Sept. 27.—In the presence of an assemblage numbering many thousands, the handsome memorial to the Pennsylvania soldiers who fought at Gettysburg July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, was today dedicated with most impressive ceremonies.

The throng which witnessed the ceremonies completely covered the broad expanse of ground immediately surrounding the monument and extended in the direction of the famous Bloody Angle. Among the number were nearly 5,000 veterans of the civil war from this state, all of whose names appear on the bronze tablets surrounding the facade of the memorial, together with all the other Pennsylvania soldiers who took part in the memorable conflict.

PINCHOT LIKELY TO SCORE

Expected That Wisconsin Democrats Will Endorse Him.

Madison, Wis., Sept. 27.—When the Democratic state convention met here today it was the general belief that Gifford Pinchot would come in for a left-handed endorsement in the platform—his name, though not mentioned, to be plainly inferred.

The plank was prepared recently and leaders of the convention declared that it was certain to be adopted. It reads: "True to the policy and history of our party, we favor the conservation of our natural resources and denounce the present administration and secretary Ballinger, for dismissing from the public service tried and true officers, whose only aim was the preservation to the people of such resources."

WON'T ADMIT HEARSAY

Senate Committee Rules for Lorimer.

Second-Hand Testimony of Bribery Won't Be Allowed.

Chicago, Sept. 27.—Basing his ruling on the decision of the senate investigating committee in the case of Senator George E. Spencer in Alabama in 1876, Chairman Burrows today barred hearsay evidence from the Lorimer hearing.

The ruling was concurred in by the committee and followed long arguments by the attorneys for and against Senator Lorimer.

The ruling shuts the door against Representative White relating conversations with his fellow legislators in which he says they admitted to him that they were bribed to vote for Senator Lorimer.

The adverse ruling was made yesterday in a tentative manner after White had testified that Rrepresentative Clark had admitted that he, Clark, was bribed.

The report of the committee in the Spencer case was read by Chairman Burrows. This report said: "Some hearsay evidence was offered that some persons had received money for voting for Senator Spencer, and this evidence was ruled out."

BRINGS SUIT AGAINST WIDER

New York, Sept. 27.—The New York branch of the Russo-Chinese bank brought suit for $400,000 yesterday against its erstwhile youthful cashier, Erwin J. Wider, now awaiting sentence for looting the strong box of more than $500,000. This move to recover money indicates that the bank does not place much trust in Wider's story that he lost all his stealings in Wall street.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 27.—It has been a long time since wheat displayed such a sick look as on the opening today. Heavy stocks, indifferent cash demand, and other bearish influences have put the market in such a weak state that nothing but foreign demand has been counted on to hold the market up. Consequently when cables were weak at the outset, liquidation started which carried prices down ¾c to 1c before 10 a. m. Toledo millers appear well filled up with wheat and with an advantage over their northwestern rivals in the price of grain, most of them have reason to be in a decidedly happy frame of mind. Toledo cash and September opened ¾c down to $1.; December ½c lower at $1.02¾, and May ¾c down at $1.07. The course was downward during most of the morning.

Aside from heavy buying by a Chicago house, there was nothing developing late to encourage holders. Toledo cash and September closed 1½c off at 99¼c, December 1¼c lower at $1.01⅛c, May 1¼c down at $1.06½.

Predicted frosts failing to materialize, corn prices dropped. There were a few reports of nipped fields, but the bulk of the crop is still under the influence of growing weather. September opened ⅝c lower at 55¾c; December ⅝c off at 53c, and May ⅝c off at 56c.

Closing corn prices. Cash and September 55¾c, December 52⅝c, May 55⅝c. Losses were ⅝c to 1c all around.

Oats lost ¼c to ⅜c at the outset in sympathy with other grains. September opened at 35½c; December at 36⅜c and May at 39⅜c.

Cash and September closed at 35½c, December at 36⅛c and May at 39c.

Clover seed jumped up about 5c to 15c on the call. Cash and October opening at $9.70; December at $9.60, and March at $9.70.

Cash and October clover seed closed 7½c up at $9.62½. December 7½c advanced at $9.65, and March 5c up at $9.70.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept. 27.	Close Sept. 26
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00	....	....	99¼	1.00⅝
Sept.	1.00	....	....	99¼	1.00⅝
Dec.	1.02¼	....	....	1.01½	1.02⅜
May	1.07	....	....	1.06½	1.07¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	55¾	56¼
Sept.	55¾	56	....	55¾	56½
Dec.	53	....	....	52⅝	53⅜
May	56	....	....	55⅝	56⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	35½	36
Sept	35½	....	....	35½	36
Dec.	36⅝	36½	36	36¼	36¾
May	....	....	....	39	39⅝
Cloer Seed—					
Cash	9.70	....	9.60	9.62½	9.55
Oct.	9.70	....	9.60	9.62½	9.55
Dec.	9.60	....	9.60	9.65	9.57½
March	9.70	9.75	9.60	9.70	9.65
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	73½	73¼
No. 3	....	....	....	69½	69½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	4.35	4.35
Oct.	....	....	....	4.30	4.30
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.30	9.35
Oct.	....	....	....	9.25	9.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Sept.	96½	....	95⅝	96⅝
Dec.	99	98¼	98	98¼
May	1.04⅝	1.04⅝	1.03⅞	1.05¼
Corn—				
Sept.	53¼	....	52½	52⅝
Dec.	51¼	....	50½	50⅝
May	54	54¼	....	53⅝
Oats—				
Sept.	32⅜	....	....	32⅜
Dec.	34¼	....	....	33⅝
May	37⅜	....	....	36⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Sept	1.04¼	....	1.03	1.03½
Dec.	1.06¾	....	....	1.06⅛
				1.04⅝
				1.07¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Sept	1.00⅛	....	....	99¼
Dec.	1.05¾	....	....	1.04⅝
				1.00½
				1.05⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—				
Sept	....	....	....	1.07⅛
Dec.	....	....	....	1.09⅝
				1.09¼
				1.10⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—				
Sept.	....	....	....	1.12¼
Dec.	....	....	....	1.11½
				1.00½
				1.05⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—				
Oct.	18.00	....	....	17.77
Jan.	17.70	....	17.45	17.50
				18.00
				17.62
Lard—				
Oct.	12.62	....	12.52	12.60
Jan.	10.55	....	10.50	10.52
				12.80
				10.55
May	....	....	....	10.17
Ribs—				
Oct.	....	....	....	11.05
Jan.	9.37	....	....	9.32
May	9.27	....	....	9.27
				11.10
				9.40
				9.37

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 27.—Hog arrivals were fair and the market remained about steady. Other live stock showed no change.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.00@9.25; good mediums, $9.25@9.50; heavy yorkers, $9.50@9.60; light yorkers, $9.25@9.50; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $9.25@9.50; good pigs, $9.00@9.25; bulk of sales, $9.50@9.60; stags and roughs, $6.50@8.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $5.50@6.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.25@5.75; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice to fat cows, $4.50@5.25; fair to good cows, $3.00@4.00; common cows, $2.50@3.00; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $5.00@4.00; good butcher bulls, $3.25@3.75; fair to good bologna, $3.25@3.50; common, $3.00@3.25; choice fate heifers, $4.00@5.00; fair to good heifers, $3.00@4.00; common and light heifers, $3.00@3.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@4.00; fair to good, $3.00@3.50; culls and common, $2.00@3.00; choice to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $4.00@4.50; lambs, choice, $7.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $10.00 down.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 27.—Cattle—2 cars, slow. Hogs—15 cars, steady; heavy, $9.15@9.50; yorkers, $9.60@9.70; pigs, $9.40. Sheep—8 cars, strong; best lambs, $7.40@7.60; yearlings, $6.00@6.60; wethers, $5.00; ewes, $4.25@4.60. Calves—$5.00@10.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

U. S. Yards, Cleveland, Sept. 27.—Hogs receipts, 20 cars lower, Yorkers $9.60; heavy $9.25. Calves $10.00. Lambs $7.00. Cattle $4.50@6.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 27.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 7,000; market slow; beaves, $4.75@8.25; Texas steers, $3.50@5.80; western steers, $4.20@6.85; stockers and feeders, $4.15@5.85; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.40; calves, $7.00@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 13,000; market weak; light, $9.20@9.60; mixed, $8.50@9.55; heavy, $8.35@9.40; rough, $8.35@8.55; good to choice heavy, $8.55@9.40; pigs, $8.50@9.45; bulk of sales, $8.70@9.15. Sheep, receipts estimated at 45,000; market steady; natives, $2.60@4.25; western, $3.00@4.25; yearlings, $4.50@5.60; lambs, native, $4.50@7.00; western, $5.00@7.10.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

U. S. Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 27.—Cattle steady, 2,300; hogs slow, 10 to 15c lower. Heavy $9.20@9.25; mixed $9.60@9.65; mediums $9.60@9.65; Yorkers $9.55@9.60; pigs $9.30@9.40; pigs $9@9.25. Sheep, steady; top lambs $7.25. Calves steady, $4.50 down.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 27.—(Wall Street)—Final prices of stocks varied only ¼ or ½ point from last night's closing for the principal issues. The amount of orders was insufficient to create any greater movement. Reading opened unchanged and then sagged ¾.

Stocks were offered for sale on rallies during the rise which followed the bidding for Chesapeake & Ohio was lost. Reading and Union Pacific were sold persistently and the decline dragged down the rest of the list. There were a number of substantial gains in some of the less active stocks. Delaware & Railroad of New Jersey sold at an advance of 15 points on one transaction. Erie second preferred also moved up 4¾. International Harvester preferred and Rock Island preferred, 2¾; Union, 1¾; Republic